

Col. P. Force



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THE
UNION MAGAZINE,

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LITERATURE AND ART,

EDITED BY

MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND,

AUTHOR OF "A NEW HOME," "FOREST LIFE," ETC.

AND FILLED WITH

Contributions from the most Eminent Writers of the Country.

THE SECOND VOLUME COMMENCES WITH THE JANUARY NUMBER, 1848.

AT the conclusion of the first half-year of the UNION MAGAZINE, the Publisher feels impelled to make some acknowledgment of his sense of the favorable reception accorded to it by the public. Its success has certainly been unprecedented; and while it may be pardonable to ascribe this in part to the merits of the work, it must not be denied that public goodwill and kindness have been abundantly demonstrated. The press, in all parts of the country, has given its voice liberally and heartily in favor of the new aspirant.

To flag after this, would be dishonorable indeed. It is the hope of the publisher that the courage and enterprise which belong to success will be found rather to have stimulated than slackened his exertions. If there be talent of a suitable kind in the country, he is determined to make it available to the Union Magazine in the various departments. He will continue to give superior engravings in Mezzotint, Line and Wood by H. S. Sadd, Thomas Doney, M. Osborne, Robert Hinshellwood, W. S. Barnard, B. F. Childs, P. Loomis, &c., from original designs by T. H. Matteson, who has the sole direction of all the designs for the Engravings.

The Literary matter will continue to be under the exclusive control of the Editor, Mrs.

(See third page cover.)

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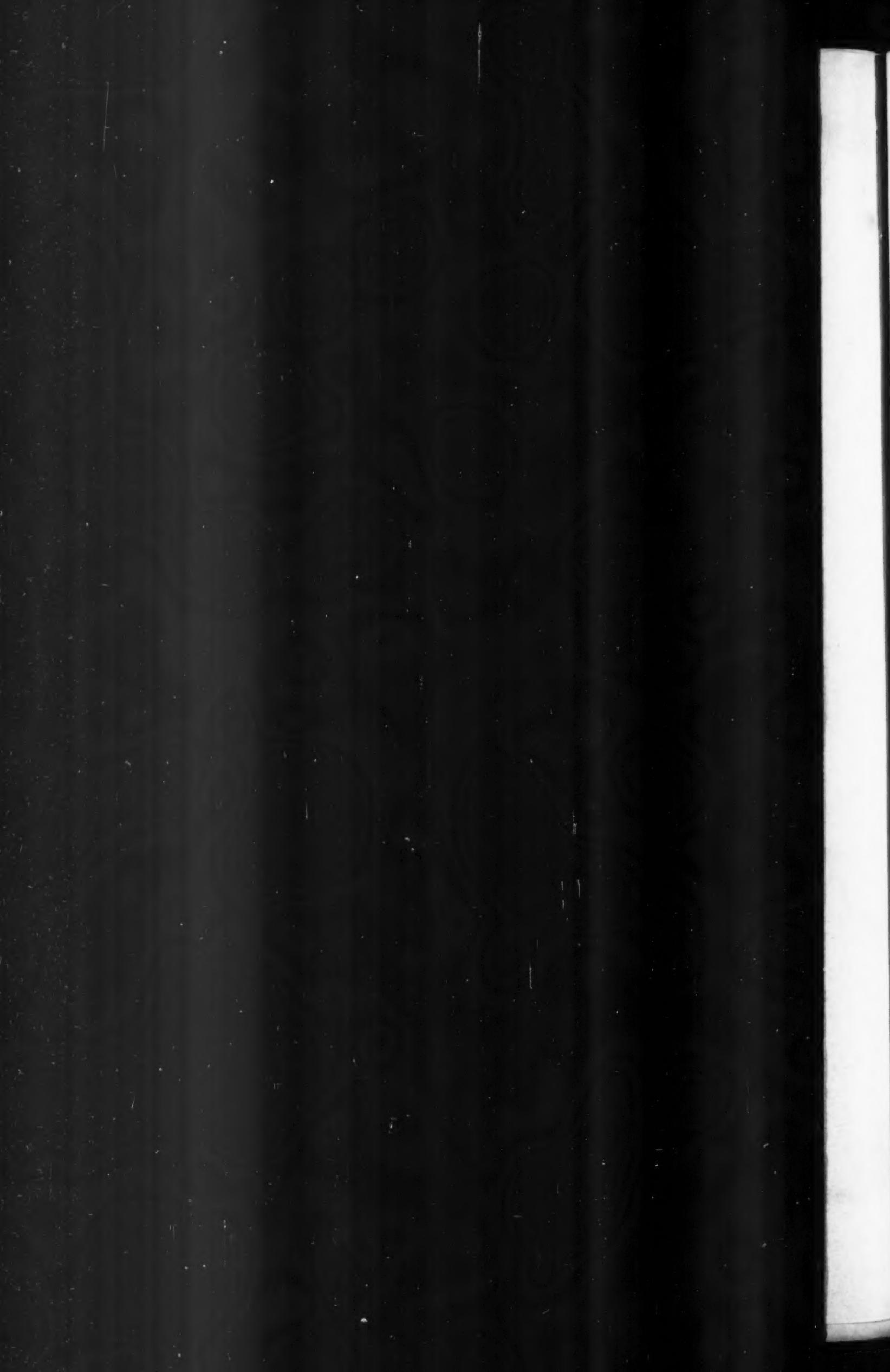
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THE UNION MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1847.

UTOUCH AND TOUCHU.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

It was a bright autumnal day when two boys went forth to gather nuts. One was keen-eyed, and self-important in his gait. The other had mild, deep eyes, and his motions were like flowers swaying to a gentle breeze. Alfred, the keen-eyed, mounted the tree and shook it. "I should like to own a dozen such trees," said he, "and have all the nuts to myself."

"Oh, see how beautifully the setting sun shines slanting through the boughs on the trunk and branches! It glows like gold!" exclaimed Ernest.

"If the sun were like old Midas, that we read about at school, there would be some fun in it," replied Alfred; "for if it turned all it touched into real gold, I could peel off the bark and buy a horse with it."

Ernest gazed silently at the golden sea of clouds in the west, and then at the warm gleams it cast on the old walnut tree. He stood thus but a moment; for his companion aimed a nut at his head, and shouted, "Make haste to fill the basket, you lazy fellow!"

The nuts were soon gathered, and the boys stretched themselves on the grass, talking over school affairs. A flock of birds flew over their heads towards the south. "They are flying away from winter," said Ernest. "How I should like to go with them where the palms and cocoas grow. See how beautifully they skim along the air!"

"I wish I had a gun," rejoined Alfred; "I would have some of them for supper."

It was a mild autumn twilight. The cows had gone from the pastures, and all was still, save the

monotonous bass of the crickets. The fitful whistling of the boys gradually subsided into dreamy silence. As they lay thus, winking drowsily, Ernest saw a queer little dwarf peep from under an arching root of the walnut tree. His little dots of blue eyes looked cold and opaque, as if they were made of turquoise. His hands were like the claws of a bird. But he was surely a gentleman of property and standing, for his brown velvet vest was embroidered with gold, and a diamond fastened his hat-band. While Ernest wondered who he could be, his attention was attracted by a bright little vision hovering in the air before him. At first, he thought it was a large insect, or a small bird; but as it floated ever nearer and nearer, he perceived a lovely little face with tender, luminous eyes. Her robe seemed like soap-bubbles glancing in the sun, and under her bonnet, made of an inverted White Petunia blossom, the little ringlets shone like finest threads of gold. The stamen of a white lily served her for a wand, and she held it towards him, saying in tones of soft beseechment, "Let me touch your eyes."

"You had better touch my wand. You will find it much more to the purpose," croaked the dwarf under the walnut root. "Look here! wouldn't you like to have this?" and he shook a purse full of coins, as he spoke.

"I don't like your cold eyes and your skinny fingers," replied Ernest. "Pray who are you?"

"My name is Utouch," answered the gnome; "and I bring great luck wherever I go."

"And what is yours, dear little spirit of the air?" asked Ernest.

She looked lovingly into his eyes, and answered, "My name is Touchu. Shall I be your friend for life?"

He smiled, and eagerly replied, "Oh yes! oh yes! Your face is so full of love!"

She descended gracefully and touched his eyes with her lily-stamen. The air became redolent with delicate perfume, like fragrant violets kissed by the soft south wind. A rainbow arched the heavens, and reflected its beautiful image on a mirror of mist. The old tree reached forth friendly arms, and cradled the sunbeams on its bosom. Flowers seemed to nod and smile, as if they knew him very well, and the little birds sang into his inmost soul. Presently, he felt that he was rising slowly and undulating on the air, like a winged seed when it is breathed upon; and away he sailed on fleecy clouds under the arch of the rainbow. A mocking laugh roused him from his trance, and he heard Utouch, the gnome, exclaim jeeringly, "There he goes in one of his air-castles, on a voyage to the moon!" Then he felt himself falling through the air, and all at once he was on the ground. Birds, flowers, rainbows, all were gone. Twilight had deepened into dreary evening; winds sighed through the trees, and the crickets kept up their mournful creaking tones. Ernest was afraid to be all alone. He felt round for his companion, and shook him by the arm, exclaiming, "Alfred! Alfred, wake up! I have had a wonderful fine dream here on the grass."

"So have I," replied Alfred, rubbing his eyes. "Why need you wake me just as the old fellow was dropping a purse full of money into my hand?"

"What old fellow?" inquired Ernest.

"He called himself Utouch," answered Alfred; "and he promised to be my constant companion. I hope he will keep his word; for I like an old chap that drops a purse of gold into your hand when you ask for it."

"Why, I dreamed of that same old fellow," said Ernest, "but I did n't like his looks."

"Perhaps he did n't show you the full purse?" said Alfred.

"Yes, he did," replied Ernest; "but I felt such love for the little fairy with tender eyes and heart-melting voice, that I chose her for my life-friend. And oh, she made the earth *so* beautiful!"

His companion laughed and said, "I dreamed of her, too. So you preferred that floating soap-bubble, did you? I should have guessed as much. But come, help me carry the nuts home, for I am hungry for my supper."

* * * * *

Years passed, and the boys were men. Ernest

sat writing in a small chamber that looked toward the setting sun. His little child had hung a prismatic chandelier-drop on the window, and he wrote amid the rainbows that it cast over his paper. In a simple vase on his desk stood a stalk of blossoms from the brilliant wild flower, called the Cardinal. Unseen by him, the fairy Touchu circled round his head and waved her lily-stamen, from which the fine gold-colored dust fell on his hair in a fragrant shower. In the greensward below, two beautiful yellow birds sat among the catnip blossoms, picking the seed while they rocked gracefully on the wind-stirred plant. Ernest smiled as he said to himself, "Gone are the dandelion blossoms, which strewed my grass-carpet with golden stars; and now come these winged flowers to refresh the eye. When they are gone to warmer climes, then will the yellow butterflies come in pairs; and when even they are gone, here in my oboë sleep the soft yellow tones ever ready to wake and cheer me with their child-like gladness."

He took up the instrument as he spoke, and played a slight flourish. A little bird that nestled among the leaves of a cherry tree near by, caught the tones of the oboë and mocked it with a joyous trill, a little sunny shower of sound. Then sprang the poet to his feet, and his countenance lighted up like a transfigured one! But a slight cloud soon floated over that radiant expression. "Ah, if thou only wert not afraid of me!" he said, "if thou wouldst come, dear little warbler, and perch on my oboë, and sing a duet with me, how happy I should be. Why are man and nature thus sundered?"

Another little bird in the althea bush answered him in low-sweet notes, ending ever with the plaintive cadence of a minor-third. The deep, tender eyes of the man-child filled with tears. "We are not sundered," thought he. "Surely my heart is in harmony with Nature; for she responds to my inmost thought, as one instrument vibrates the tones of another to which it is perfectly attuned. Blessed, blessed is Nature in her soothing power!" As he spoke, Touchu came floating on a zephyr, and poured over him the fragrance of mignonette she had gathered from the garden below.

At the same hour, Alfred walked in his conservatory among groves of fragrant geraniums and richly-flowering cactus. He smoked a cigar, and glanced listlessly from his embroidered slippers to the marble pavement, without taking notice of the costly flowers. The gardener, who was watering a group of Japonicas, remarked, "This is a fine specimen that has opened to-day. Will you have the goodness to look at it, sir?" He paused in his walk a moment, and looked at a pure white blossom, with the faintest roseate blush in its centre. "It ought to be handsome," said he. "The price was high enough. But after all the money

I have expended, horticulturists declare that Mr. Duncan's Japonicas excel mine. It's provoking to be outdone." The old gnome stood behind one of the plants and shrugged his shoulders, and grinned. Without perceiving his presence, Alfred muttered to himself, " Utouch promised my flowers should be unequalled in rarity and beauty."

" That was last year," croaked a small voice, which he at once recognised.

" Last year!" retorted Alfred, mocking his tone. " Am I then to be always toiling after what I never keep? That's precious comfort, you provoking imp!"

A retreating laugh was heard under the pavement, as the rich man threw his cigar away, exclaiming impatiently, " The devil take the Japonicas! what do I care? they're not worth fretting about."

* * * * *

Weeks passed and brought the returning seventh day of rest. The little child who made rainbows flicker over the father's poem, lay very ill, and the anxious parents feared that this beautiful vision of innocence might soon pass away from the earth. The shadows of a Madeira vine now and then waved across the window, and the chamber was filled with the delicate perfume of its blossoms. No sound broke the Sabbath stillness, except the little bird in the Althea bush, whose tones were sad as the voice of memory. The child heard it, and sighed unconsciously, as he put his little feverish hand within his mother's, and said " Please sing me a hymn, dear mother." With a soft clear voice subdued by her depth of feeling, she sang Schubert's Ave Maria. Manifold and wonderful are the intertwining influences in the world of spirit! What was it that touched the little bird's heart, and uttered itself in such plaintive cadences? They made the child sigh for a hymn; and bird and child together woke Schubert's prayerful echoes in the mother's bosom. And now from the soul of the composer, in that far-off German land, the spirit of devotion comes to the father, wafted on the wings of that beautiful music. Ernest bowed his head reverently, and sank kneeling by the bedside. While he listened thus, Touchu glided softly into his bosom and laid her wand upon his heart. When the sweet beseeching melody had ceased, Ernest pressed the hand of the singer to his lips, and remained awhile in silence. Then the strong necessity of supplication came over him, and he poured forth an earnest prayer. With fervid eloquence, he implored for themselves an humble and resigned spirit, and for their little one, that living or dying, good angels might ever carry him in their protecting arms. As they rose up, his wife leaned her head upon his shoulder, and with tearful eyes whispered :

" God help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray."

That same morning Alfred rode to church in his carriage, and a servant waited with the horses till he had performed his periodical routine of worship. Many-colored hues from the richly-stained windows of the church glanced on wall and pillar, and imparted to silk and broadcloth the metallic lustre of a peacock's plumage. Gorgeous in crimson mantle, with a topaz glory round his head, shone the meek son of Joseph the carpenter, and his humble fishermen of Galilee were resplendent in robes of purple and gold. The fine haze of dust on which the sunbeams fell, gleamed with a quivering prismatic reflection of their splendor. From the choir descended the heavenly tones of Schubert's Ave Maria. They flowed into Alfred's ear, but no Touchu was with him to lay her wand upon his heart. To a visitor, who sat in his cushioned pew, he whispered that they paid the highest price for their music, and had the best that money could command. The sermon urged the necessity of providing some religious instruction for the poor, for otherwise there could be no security to property against robbery and fire. Alfred resolved within himself to get up a subscription immediately for that purpose, and to give twice as much as Mr. Duncan, whatever the sum might be. Utouch, who had secretly suggested the thing to him, turned somersets on the gilded prayer-book, and twisted diabolical grimaces. But Alfred did not see him; nor did he hear a laugh under the carriage, when, as they rolled home, he said to his wife, " My dear, why didn't you wear your embroidered crape shawl? I told you we were to have strangers in the pew. In so handsome a church, people expect to see the congregation elegantly dressed, you know."

But though Utouch was a mocking spirit, Alfred could not complain that he had been untrue to his bargain. He had promised to bestow anything he craved, from his kingdom of the outward. He had asked for honor in the church, influence on 'change, a rich, handsome wife, and superb horses. He had them all. Whose fault was it, that he was continually looking round anxiously to observe whether others had more of the goods he coveted? He had wished for a luxurious table, and it stood covered with the rarest dainties of the world. But with a constrained smile he said to his guests, " Is it not provoking to be surrounded by luxuries I cannot eat? That pie-crust would torment my sleep with a legion of nightmares. It is true I do not crave it much, for I sit at a loaded table 'half famished for an appetite,' as the witty Madame de Sevigné used to say." Again and again he asked himself why all the fruit that seemed so ripe and tempting on the outside was always dry and dusty within. And if he was puzzled to understand why he seemed to have all things, and yet really had nothing, still more was he puzzled to explain how

Ernest seemed to have so little, and yet in reality possessed all things. One evening at a concert, he happened to sit near Ernest and his wife while they listened to that most beautiful symphony by Spohr, called the Consecration of the Tones. Delighted as children were they, when they began to hear the winds murmur through the music, the insects pipe, and one little bird after another chirp his notes of gladness. How expressively they looked at each other during the tender lulling Cradle Song! and how their expression brightened and softened, as the enchanting tones passed through the wild allegro of the dance, into the exquisite melody of the serenade! But when Cradle Song, Dance and Serenade all moved forward together in delightful harmony, a threefold chord of lovely melodies, the transparent countenance of Ernest became luminous with his inward joy. It was evident that Touchu had again laid her thrilling wand upon his heart.

"How the deuce does he contrive always to delight himself?" thought Alfred. "I wonder whether the music really *is* anything uncommon."

In order to ascertain, he turned from Ernest to watch the countenance of a musical critic near by; one of those unfortunate men, who enjoy music as the proof-reader enjoys the poetry he corrects in a printing office. How can a beautiful metaphor please him while he sees a comma topsy-turvy, or a period out of place? How can he be charmed by the melodious flow of the verse, while he is dotting an i, or looking out for an inverted s? The critic seemed less attentive to his business than the proof reader; for he was looking round and whispering apparently unconscious that sweet sounds filled the air. Nevertheless, Utouch whispered to Alfred that the critic was the man to inform him whether he ought to be delighted with the music, or not. So at the close of the Symphony he spoke to him, and took occasion to say, "I invited a French amateur to come here this evening, in hopes he would receive a favorable impression of the state of music in America. You are an excellent judge of such matters. Do you think he will be satisfied with the performance?"

"He may be pleased, sir, but not satisfied," replied the critic. "The composition is a very fine one but he has doubtless heard it in Paris; and until you have heard a French orchestra, sir, you can have no conception of music. Their accuracy in rhythmical time amounts to absolute perfection."

"And do you think the orchestra have played well to-night?"

"Tolerably well, sir. But in the Cradle Song, the clarinet lagged a little once or twice; and the effect of the Serenade was injured because the violoncello was tuned one sixteenth of a note too low."

Alfred bowed, and went away congratulating

himself that he had not been more delighted than was proper.

The alleged impossibility of having any conception of music unless he went to Europe, renewed a wish he had long indulged. He closed his magnificent house, and went forth to make the fashionable tour. Ernest was a painter, as well as poet; and it chanced that they met in Italy. Alfred seemed glad to see the friend of his childhood; but he soon turned from cheerful things, to tell how vexed he was about a statue he had purchased. "I gave a great price for it," said he, "thinking it was a real antique; but good judges now assure me that it is a modern work. It is so annoying to waste one's money!"

"But if it be really beautiful, and pleases you, the money is not wasted," replied Ernest; "though it certainly is not agreeable to be cheated. Look at this ivory head to my cane! It is a bust of Hebe which I bought for a trifle yesterday. But small as is the market value, its beauty is a perpetual delight to me. If it be not an antique, it deserves to be. It troubles me that I cannot find the artist and pay him more than I gave. Perhaps he is poor, and has not yet made a name for himself; but whoever he may be, a spark of the divine fire is certainly in him. Observe the beautiful swell of the breast and the graceful turn of the head!"

"Yes, it is a pretty thing," rejoined Alfred, half contemptuously. "But I am too much vexed with that knave who sold me the statue, to go into raptures about the head of a cane, just now. What makes it more provoking is that Mr. Duncan did purchase a real antique last year, for less money than I threw away on this modern thing."

Having in vain tried to impart his own sunny humor, Ernest bade him adieu, and returned to his humble lodgings, out of the city. As he lingered in the orange groves, listening to the nightingales, he thought to himself, "I wish that charming little fairy, who came to me in my boyish dream, would touch Alfred with her wand; for the purse the old gnome gave him seems to bring him little joy." He happened to look up at the moment, and there close by his hand, was Touchu balancing herself tip-toe on an orange bud. She had the same luminous, loving eyes, the same prismatic robe, and the same sunny gleam on her hair. She smiled as she said, "Then you do not repent your early choice, though I could not give you a purse full of money?"

"Oh, no indeed," replied he. "Thou hast been the brightest blessing of my life."

She kissed his eyes, and waving her wand over him, said affectionately, "Take then the best gift I have to offer. When thou art an old man, thou shalt still remain to the last, a simple, happy child."



BESSY BELL.

BY R. S. STODDARD.

How sweet, when years are flown away,
And life is in its wane,
To live in recollection o'er,
Our early love again.
To read anew the history
Of passion's youthful hours,
The sweet and favorite passages
That memory marked with flowers.

The love of life's young morning—oh!
It is a blessed thing;
The finding of a hidden mine,
The gushing of a spring.
A mine of riches in the heart,
Till then undream'd of there;
A spring—an Eden—Arthuse—
Where all before was bare.

How dear, how very dear you are,
Even now, sweet Bessy Bell!
I've locked you up a prisoner fast,
In memory's deepest cell.
And all the kind and loving words
And smiles you gave to me,
I've strung, like precious pearls, for beads
On memory's rosary.

I cannot tell, my dear, when first
My love for you began,
When Passion o'er my harp strings first
His fiery fingers ran.
You were my fondest—earliest love,
My earliest and my best;
A little timid orphan-dove,
That nestled in my breast.

What marvel if I loved you, Bess,
Loved you, and only you,
Since we from earliest infancy,
Like buds together grew;—
Like buds that mingled odors on
A single dewy spray,
On our old nurse's bosom, we
In love together lay.

We soothed each other's little griefs.
We shared each others joys,
We crept together on the floor,
And plied with either's toys;
And clambered up the oaken chairs,
And, murmuring pleasant talk,
Began, with beckoning hands at once
And tottering limbs to walk.

And when we went alone at last,
We strolled to shady bowers,
And picked our little baskets full
Of nature's wildest flowers,
We picked our baskets full of flowers,
And sat among the rocks,
And braided up fantastic wreaths,
And garlands for our locks.

We roved the country round about,
The pleasant summer days,
O'er moors and meads, and meadows green,
And tangled forest ways;
And picked our steps through briery paths,
And brambles side by side;
Our little lips and fingers, all
With berries stained and dyed.

One day we found a swallow's nest,
Among the grassy hills,
The wee things chirped so sad and sweet,
With yellow gaping bills—
You wept as if your heart would break,
With piteous sigh and moan,
And made me promise evermore
To leave the nests alone.

And when we toddled summer morn
To school, I bore your books,
And led you, then a wee thing, Bess,
And lifted o'er the brooks,
And fought, your little champion,
If any neighbor wight,
Grown wilful, dared to look askant
At you, and I in sight.

And Saturdays when school was o'er,
We fled the haunts of men,
And sought our favorite resting place,
Within a bosky glen,
And sat for hours in pleasant dreams,
As quiet, calm, and deep,
As if our souls were folded up,
Beneath the wings of sleep.

And then the summer gloamings—oh !
Those happy, happy hours,
When love lay pure in our young hearts,
As dew in folded flowers.

We sat beneath our mossy porch,
Where honeysuckles sweet,
And trailing vines their shadows cast,
In checkers at our feet

And I with wanton fingers would
Your golden locks entwine ;
And clasp your little hand, and press
Your rosy lip to mine ;
And gaze into your lustrous eye,
As blue as heaven above,
Till tears came gushing fast from out,
The deepest wells of love.

Ay, Bess, the tears would come, in spite
Of all your woman's art,
And sighs that moved a load from off
Your little painéd heart ;
And I was weeping—sighing too,
The simple truth to say ;
Two pearls were we, that melted in
A single cup away.

What happiness and deep delight—
Excess of bliss and love ;
As if our souls had passed away
In dreams to heaven above.
A radiance and a beauty fill'd
Life's lowest commonest things ;
And the hours like troops of angels flew
With glory on their wings.

THE EARLY CROCUS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

TRIANDRIA MONOGYNIA,—so they say—
Those learned people giving classic names
Of boistful sound—but sparing not to pierce
Thy tender bosom; and for all thy care
To please us, bearing thy life-blood away
Upon their pointed steel.

Thou comest to us
Ere wintry blasts are quelled—thy slender root
Baffling the frost-king, and thy changeful cheek,
Bright with fresh hues.

So, in the olden time,
Amid the pilgrims from our father land,
Gleaned some fair creature—her slight, shrinking feet
Nurtured in courtly halls, printing the snows
Of Plymouth beach—meek, enduring smile
On the blanched lip, that 'neath a stranger soil
Soon slept in breathless beauty.

But thou seem'st
So like a babe—in trustful innocence—
My simple Crocus—that I love thee well,
And still will feed thee, in thy cradle-vase,
With water-drop, and sun-ray.

And I'll strive
To keep those lynx-eyed botanists away,
From thine unfolding petals. Let them serve
Science, their mistress, with some other spoil
Than my lone blossom—like the one ewe lamb
Reft from the poor, by him, whose many flocks
Covered the hills

So, turn to me, my flower,
Thy fearless eye, and pay my sheltering care,
With thoughts of Him, who gave thy beauties birth.

AN APOLOGUE.

BY MISS CATHARINE M. SEDGWICK.

I DREAMED I was sitting on an eminence where the whole scene of life was before me ; seas, plains, cities and country—the world and its actors. An old man, with the noble head and serene countenance that befits wisdom, stood beside me, and I turned from a perplexed gaze on this multitudinous human family, to ask of him, “ Who is it that so many seem confidently expecting, and so many others to be blindly pursuing ? ”

“ She is an immortal,” he replied, “ whose home is not in this world. In truth, she rarely visits it. Her companionship is reserved for those, who, in the language of Scripture, ‘ shall see God as he is, for they shall be like Him,’—her name is *Happiness*. She is never found of those who seek her for her own sake.”

“ Why then are so many pursuing her,” I asked, “ why do they not learn from the experience and disappointment of others ? ”

“ The desire of her presence,” he replied, “ is born with them ; the child cries for her ; some are ignorant of the means of attaining her ; some delude themselves, and others are deluded as to the mode of winning her ; few are willing to pay the price of her friendship, and fewer still will receive the truth that she does not abide on earth, even with those most worthy her presence. To them her visits are rare and brief, but they are content to dwell among her kindred, Submission, Tranquillity, Contentment and Patience. Take this,” he said, giving me a curious eye-glass, “ it will enable you to see the distant, to penetrate every secret path, and to discern untold thoughts.”

I took the glass—it fulfilled his promise. I now beheld the whole world in pursuit of this enchanting being. Some were crossing the wide sea, some threading the wilderness, masses were crowding into cities, and others flying to the country in quest of her. They looked for her where she was never heard of, and what at first was inexplicable to me, those that most eagerly sought her, and sought nothing else, never, by any chance, found her.

Tired of my general observation, I finally confined my attention to two young persons who began the course of life together. One was a beautiful girl called Brillanta, whom I first saw in

a French boarding-school, with teachers in all the arts and various branches of learning.

“ Why do they confine me here ? ” she exclaimed, pettishly, “ they tell me I was born for happiness, and I have not so much as heard the rustling of her wings in this tiresome place. Well, I must worry it through, but when school-days are over, and I am ‘ out,’ and surrounded by friends, and followed by lovers, and go at will to operas and balls, then Happiness will be my constant companion ! ”

This golden future became Brillanta’s present. I saw her wreathed with flowers and sparkling with jewels, admired and flattered, and hurrying from one scene of gaiety to another ; but instead of the companion she presumptuously expected, there were only Pleasure and Excitement, and at their heels Satiety and Weariness.

“ Alas ! ” exclaimed Brillanta, “ Happiness is not yet with me, but she will come to my wedding—with the bridal gifts and festivities—she will take up her abode in my luxurious home ! ” But true Love was not required at the marriage, so Happiness refused to be there. Vanity and Pride were among the guests, and were soon followed by the fiend Disappointment. Happiness could not breathe the air they infected.

A few years passed. “ Happiness never has been, never will be here ! ” exclaimed Brillanta. “ My husband is so tiresome ! my children teasing ! my servants tormenting ! I will go to foreign lands, I will explore other countries—surely where so many rush to seek Happiness she must be found.” And away went Brillanta, but the chase was vain ; she never got so much as a glimpse of Happiness, though she went on pursuing till death overtook her. A mist that had been gathering round her settled into darkness, and I saw her no more.

She whom I had seen start in the career of life with Brillanta was named Serena. She came forth daily from a home where all sweet contentments were, from God-loving and God-fearing parents, to her school-tasks. She had an earnest and sweet countenance, but what chiefly struck me about her was her unlikeness to the rest of the world. She was *not* pursuing Happiness.

She was too modest to claim her presence, too humble to expect it. She was so occupied with her tasks and duties that she had no time to think of herself, but she was eager enough to obtain the acquaintance of Happiness for others. What disinterestedness, what self-forgetfulness she practised to achieve this ; and, strange to say, when she asked and sought this eluding being for others, she came unsought, unasked, to herself ; and when clouds gathered heavily around Serena, so that Happiness could not come, (for her nature requires bright skies,) she sent her helpful handmaid Patience, and Serena was content and grateful. "How many unexpected, undeserved meetings I have with my heavenly friend!" Serena would exclaim. And, as I saw, Happiness daily saluted her in the lovely aspects of nature, in household loves, in the prayer of faith, and the peace of acquitting conscience. To Serena, in due time also, came the wedding-day, and with the illimitable hope and right confidence that belongs to that period of a woman's life, she said, "Happiness, you will of

course preside at this festival?" "Of course," replied Happiness, "for where my best friends gather on the wedding-day—Love, Fidelity, and Moderation,—am I ever absent? But remember, dear Serena, my stay cannot be long; Care, Trial, Sorrow must come to you; I cannot consort with them, but they will prepare you for my constant society hereafter, and make you relish it more keenly. Care, Trial, Sorrow, stern sisters, who come to all, did come to Serena, but they were not always present, and when they were present, their terrors were converted to a precious ministry by the unfailing presence of Serena's best friend, Religion.

My eye followed the whole course of this "traveller between life and death," and I saw that she met Happiness on many an elevation in her life, at many a bright spot or sudden turn; and finally when the gates of death opened to her, I saw her celestial friend, with open arms, awaiting her, to abide with her forever and forever.

THE SPIRIT MOTHER.

BY SUSAN PINDAR.

ART thou near me, spirit-mother, when, in the twilight hour,
A holy hush pervades my heart with a mysterious power,
While eyes of dreamy tenderness seem gazing into mine,
And stir the fountains of my soul,—sweet mother, are they thine?

Is thine the blessed influence that o'er my being flings
A sense of rest, as though 't were wrapped within an angel's wings?
A deep, abiding trustfulness, that seems an earnest given
Of future happiness and peace to those who dwell in heaven!

And oftentimes when my footsteps stray in error's shining track,
There comes a soft, restraining voice, that seems to call me back;
I hear it not with outward ears, but with a power divine,
Its whisper thrills my inmost soul; sweet mother, is it thine?

It well may be, for know we not that beings all unseen
Are ever hovering o'er our paths, the earth and sky between?
They're with us in our daily walks, and tireless vigils keep,
To weave those happy fantasies that bless our hours of sleep!

Oh, could we feel that spirit-eyes forever on us gaze,
And watch each idle thought that threads the heart's bewild'ring maze,
Would we not guard each careless word, all sinful feelings quell,
Lest we should grieve the cherished ones we loved on earth so well?

Sweet spirit-mother, bless thy child! and with a holy love,
Inspire my feeble energies, and lift my heart above;
And when the long imprisoned soul these earthly bonds has riven
Be thine the wing to bear it up and waft it on to heaven.

FRANK AND FANNY;

OR A MURDER NOT PUNISHABLE BY LAW.

BY ELIZABETH T. HERBERT.



T was after a life of many vicissitudes, that Charles Eaton died suddenly, and left three beings — the youngest seven months old, but each almost equally incompetent to stand unsupported, amidst the hurricanes of life.

The oldest, who had won his admiration in mere boyhood, by his wit and beauty, had taught him in manhood to lament that judgment had been so sadly misled by imagination.

Mr. Norton, a kind pastor, and Eaton's earliest friend, took his helpless family home, until proper arrangements should be made for the future. A very small income was invested to the best advantage, and the mother's better nature, so long obscured by frivolity, manifested itself in unremitting efforts for her children's support. Frank, about sixteen, and Fanny, three years younger, were better educated than most children in their circumstances; and Mrs. Eaton began to anticipate an ample remuneration for all her labors and sacrifices, in their willing co-operation.

A friend procured for Frank a situation at a merchant tailor's, with a small salary. The place was not precisely to Mrs. Eaton's mind, but the duties were light, and it was clearly understood that he was to make no acquaintance with the needle. Frank was very desirous of being employed, and entered on his new life with all the buoyancy of inexperienced youth. To an observing eye, his bright intelligent face, beaming with truth and cheerfulness, was worth a hundred written testimonials.

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A few days after this important event, the boy was desired to call, on his way home, on a woman who was employed to work for the shop. She had three pairs of pantaloons which were wanted. She had usually been very punctual in bringing home the work, but "if she cut up such capers," and kept the work out so long, he, Mr. Miln—the wealthy proprietor of the house and store he occupied—must dismiss her, and let her go where people didn't mind being imposed upon—if there was any such—for his part he did. After many inquiries through a long dark alley, Frank found Mrs. Johnson, the tailoress, and the first glance revealed the occasion of her neglect. In a cellar, with nothing to keep him from the damp floor but a horse-blanket, lay a man, pale and emaciated; near him sat a woman, holding on her lap a child, whose colorless lips she was moistening with water. Its eyelids nearly covered the balls, which were rolling convulsively; and its skeleton fingers twitched with a motion resembling that of an uneasy sleeper. The woman's tears falling fast upon the child's face seemed to recall it to momentary consciousness, for the drooping lids were thrown open, and the glassy eyes fixed on the weeper as if inquiring the cause of her tears. Two children, younger than the dying one, were playing on the floor, unconscious of the misery that surrounded them. The door was open to invite into this sick and dying den, any air that might be passing by, less noxious than the stifling atmosphere that filled it. So Frank entered unobserved. The man first noticed him, and called his wife, who regarded him with such a look of despair that he found it impossible to make his business known. At length he succeeded in answering the woman's whispered question—"What is it boy—what do you want?" "Oh yes, they are all done," she said, "but sewing down one of the linings. I meant to finish them last night, but at one o'clock, while I was at work, the child was taken so much worse that I had to put it down, and take her on my lap, where she has been ever since. Poor thing! she's almost gone, and I'm foolish enough to grieve," and the mother gave way to a deeper burst of sorrow, in which she was heartily joined by Frank. "Poor little lamb! she'll soon be gone," added the woman as she laid her hand gently on the

child's brow and cheeks, as if to discover whether Death's icy fingers had chilled them.

"She'll soon be gone, and then I'll finish the work, and take it down in the morning."

"You need n't take that trouble," said the boy, kindly; "I'll call for them in the morning—it's all in my way." The woman thanked him, and he was turning away, when he thought of making some inquiries of the man, with which he could not bear to trouble the afflicted mother. He was a mason, had fallen from a high ladder and injured his back. A physician from the Dispensary had been to see him a few times, and said he could not recover in at least six months. He hoped Heaven would remove him before that, if it did n't give him the power to support his suffering family. He had now been unable to work for three months—his poor wife was killing herself to earn food for him and the little ones. Thank Heaven! she would have one less to care for, soon, and the poor creature's brow contracted with the bitterness of a father's feelings. Three times a week she walked four miles to get a basket of food from a kind lady who saved the broken victuals for her. During his sickness, their bed, and almost every article of furniture had been sold for bread. The child had been sick only a week, but hunger made easy work for death. He hoped Mr. Miln would n't be angry with his wife, and refuse to give her work. With this information Frank bent his steps homeward, moody and dispirited.

"What ails you, child?" asked his mother, as he sat with his head leaning on his hand, heedless of his supper.

"I can't get that girl out of my head," answered the boy, without any previous explanation.

"Let me give it a thump, Franky," exclaimed his mother in her merriest mood, "and perchance another Minerva will issue forth."

"I'm sure, mamma, if you had seen the dying child, you would n't think of laughing," and he burst into tears. Fanny left her seat, threw her arms around his neck, and quietly accompanied him. Mrs. Eaton's mirth was checked, and she kindly expressed regret for having wounded his feelings. He assured her that he was not hurt at anything she had said, and described the scene he had just witnessed. Mrs. Eaton was an exaggerator, but a stoic might be excused for a gleam of excitement at such atrocities.

"Twenty-five cents a pair for pantaloons," she exclaimed. "The vampire! to fatten on the life-blood of starving women and helpless children. This is no school for you, Frank; I'll talk to Mr. Norton about it this very day. If there was no time specified, I think you had better leave immediately." Her son assured her that these prices were not peculiar to Mr. Miln's shop. It mattered not. The subject came home too painfully to her

own situation, and she insisted that she would work her fingers to the bone, rather than expose her child to such an immoral example. Fanny had resumed her seat, Frank his composure, and all were taking their tea, when the boy exclaimed suddenly—"I'm sure you'll think it a bright idea, mamma, but perhaps you won't be able to do it—and it's no matter." "Come, no mystification, child, speak out, may be I will be able to do the bright idea." Frank smiled—"I was thinking if you could spare six shillings I would take it to Mrs. Johnson in the morning, as she must be wanting the money very much, and when Mr. Miln gives me the money for her in the evening, I will bring it home."

"A very bright, and a very kind idea, my son, and fortunately I can do the very thing you wish, for Mrs. Secor paid me in advance for the shirts I have in hand, and rent-day does n't come till next week." And she took from her purse the sum, and handed it to the delighted child, lest he should forget it in the morning.

The next morning, earlier than usual, Frank was off. As he expected, the child was dead, and greatly to his relief, the mother was composed. She seemed like one in the pause of a storm, gathering strength to endure the next blast. Her tears again started at sight of the money. To the six shillings, Frank had added, unknown to any one, his only shilling, but he was rich in anticipation—he was now in the way of earning more, and he could very well spare that trifle. The pretty blue neck-ribbon he meant to buy for Fanny, she could do without for a while, and he felt that the poor woman's deep satisfaction was worth a great many ribbons.

Taking the bundle of work, he hurried off, happy in the consciousness of doing a kind action. As he passed one of those edifices whose exterior bears indescribable characteristics of their crowded population—possibly the very dwelling containing the apartment in which one of the tenants complained that his comfort was greatly disturbed by the woman in the opposite corner taking boarders—a female half awake opened the street door slowly, and thrusting her head out of a small space, like a turtle, nodded to him. Frank stopped. "Won't you please to be so kind, young gentleman, as to get me a light from the grocery on the corner?" And she stretched out a bare arm, with about two inches of candle. Frank hesitated. "I reckon you'll go, for the old woman's took a fit, and I can't stop to put my clothes on." This was enough—"Give me the candle, quick," exclaimed the boy, and ran off. The woman closed the door and chuckled at her cleverness.

"I don't keep a light," said the grocer, "but at the t'other end of the counter you'll see a match." Frank went as directed, laid down his

bundle, lighted the fragment, and walked off, thanking the grocer. The woman was peeping out, when he came to the door, and as she opened it to take the light it vanished. "Oh, the rascally wind—and she may be a dyin' afore I can get the water hot to put her in." Frank seized the provoking candle, and was off again. "I'm sorry to trouble you so often," said he to the grocer. "No great trouble," returned the man, "but I think you'll have to pay for the matches, if you come many times more—seeing I keep them for sale." "I'm sorry I've not a cent with me," said Frank. "Oh, it's no matter," exclaimed the man, good-humoredly. So Frank perseveringly re-lighted the residue of the original fragment, and again sought his employer, while the loud voice of the grocer screamed after him—"Put your hat over it boy—Put your hat over it or it will be gone." Frank did just as he was told, but there were certain alarming indications of speedy dissolution—not of being blown out, but of dying out—the warm grease dripping over his fingers, and those premonitory flashes, succeeded by almost total darkness, so that spite of hat, and cau'tious pace, and ceaseless watching, the exhausted wick gave its last flicker as the covering was removed, and the woman's hand held out to take it. The boy's ludicrous appearance was beyond all description—holding in one hand a hat, in the other the remains of the unfortunate candle. "You keerless varmint," broke forth the owner of the lost property, "to be a wastin' what don't belong to you. I wonder what I'm a goin' to do now for a light. I've a great mind to have you took up, you meddlesome matty," and she slammed the door furiously in the astonished boy's face. His regret was greatly diminished by this unexpected outburst, and as he turned from the door, and put on his hat, he for the first time since he laid it down on the grocer's counter, recollects his bundle. Quick as lightning he darted into the store. "What!" exclaimed the grocer, "another light?" "No, sir, but I left a bundle here the first time I came in." "Have n't seen it," said the man, "but you can look where you put it." Frank did look, again and again, but alas! it was beyond his power of vision. With difficulty he walked towards the man, who stared at his pale face and troubled expression. In a few words he related all the particulars. The man became deeply interested. "The lying huzzy!" he exclaimed. "The old woman's fit was all a sham to get you to do her errand, I'll be bound, but you was a good-natured boy, and we'll see if nothing can be done. Let me see"—and he thought a long while. "There was such a mess of people in the store, and it's so difficult to fix upon any one." He named a number, but thought it could not be any of them. At length he exclaimed, "By dad,

if I do n't think it must have been him." And requesting Frank to wait till he wen over to Jack Minney, the officer, he left the shop. With him he went to the very house which had proved such a stumbling block to poor Frank, ascended to the fourth story, searched Mike O'Reilly's garret, whose son the grocer suspected, inquired of Patrick Quin, and Dinnis Flaherty, and Ellen Mahony, and Bridget Dooly, and all the other tenants in the remaining stories, but nothing could be seen or heard of the lost bundle; so the disappointed boy, with many acknowledgments to the kind grocer, set out for the store, dreading to meet his employer, who, to his utter dismay, he perceived, while a long way off, standing on its steps. He addressed Frank as he approached—"Well, sir, what has kept you so long? Did your morning's nap interfere with your regular duty of opening the store, or have you been frightened out of your wits by a mad bull, or a mad dog? You look pale as a cloth, with fear or something." But when Frank ingenuously told the whole story, the tailor's anger knew no bounds; he even accused him of selling or pawnng the clothes. This was too much, and the boy's heightened color, and quiet, determined look, recalled him to reason, and he apologized for the suspicions, which he acknowledged were unwarranted. The sudden change overcame the excited boy, and moistened his eyes.

In the evening Mr. Miln handed Frank six shillings, telling him if he thought he could take care of it he might carry it to Mrs. Johnson, as he supposed she must be paid. Frank related what his mother had done, and said he would take the money to her. "Not quite my lad—you do n't come off as easy as that. I suppose you think if you carry the money home, no questions will be asked, and I may whistle for the price of the pantaloons." Frank merely remarked that he had no such idea, and left the store. His walk was enlivened by no pleasant fancies. How his mother would receive the news of his ill fortune, he could not imagine. She was sometimes passionate, and this certainly was enough to excite her; he was sure, however, that she would not *laugh* at him.

"Glad to see you, darling," exclaimed his mother, meeting him at the door, and affectionately kissing him. "And how is the sick child?" "Dead!" replied the boy, as if he were almost in the same state. "Was n't the woman glad to get the money?" "Yes." And Frank turned abruptly from his mother, and sought his own room.

"I'm afraid dear Franky is sick," remarked little Fanny, "he looks pale and sorry." "Go and see, child, and call him to tea," replied her mother. The child soon returned, with a request that Mrs. Eaton would go to his room. She started, and in an instant was beset by such frightful possibilities,

that when the cause of his trouble was divulged, it shrank into insignificance. A quarter's wages would make up for the loss, and they could live as well without his earnings now, as formerly. She should not have felt that she could spare the six shillings just now, but perhaps the woman needed it more than she did; and with this humane and philosophical reasoning, she returned with Frank to the room where Fanny was anxiously waiting for them.

The next morning Frank bore with him the following note to Mr. Miln: Sir, the loss which my son has met with, through his good nature and inexperience, shall be made up to you from his salary. Were my circumstances less limited, you should not be obliged to wait so long.

Respectfully, E. EATON.

A perusal of this note actually brought the color to the wan face of the tailor. A faint idea of his meanness for a moment visited his mind, and he assured the messenger that he had no intention of deducting the price of the clothing; but the boy was earnest in his assurances, that neither he nor his mother would be satisfied with any other course; and his honest pride made him feel the superiority of his position over that of the poor rich man. The money, however, which he had refused the day before, was tendered with such importunity that Frank was obliged to take it.

The most unpleasant feature in the whole transaction, to both mother and son, was the obligation it imposed on the latter to remain until the quarter's salary was due, which would about discharge the debt.

After two months of this intolerable bondage had passed, a friend discovered another situation, which, in every point of view, was more desirable; so he offered to advance the residue of the money to Mr. Miln, and purchase the boy's discharge. Mother and children were all delighted, and in a few days, after taking a joyful leave of Mr. Miln, Frank commenced his new duties, which, though more arduous, promised to be more agreeable and more profitable.

Mr. Morrison was a hardware merchant, who, from extreme poverty, had become a millionaire, and like all such Midases, esteemed above all other knowledge the art by which he had transmuted everything to gold. Most perfectly did the outer typify the inner man. A frame so attenuated that it seemed to have sworn eternal enmity to good cheer—a head whose acquisitiveness and secretiveness rose into mountains, while conscientiousness and ideality sank into valleys, were faithful records of fifty years' hard toil in the service of mammon; but Frank's friend was neither a phrenologist nor an ordinarily keen observer. Who in the mercantile world dared to cast a shadow of suspicion on Mr. Morrison's business talents, and

unrivalled shrewdness? And pecuniary interests being paramount to every other, what teacher so fit for the youthful aspirant as one who understood all the art and mystery of trade?

Sharp as a needle were the small black eyes that pierced the boy, as he entered the capacious and well-filled store. "Ah, Mr. Sumner, good morning—brought the boy, I suppose, you mentioned." "Yes, sir, and I'm very confident you'll be suited." "Oh, ay, it's very like I shall. One word comprises all I require of every one in my employ—OBEDIENCE. All the business transacted here is my business, and to be done in my way. No procrastinating, nor demurring—what d'ye say, boy? Think you can be one of the wheels of my machine—ay, if need be, one of the spokes of the wheel?" So innocent a smile fell from the boy's beaming eyes upon this worker of human machines, that a transient gleam actually seemed to be reflected from the hard unpolished surface, as he answered—"I can try, sir." "Well, go to the end of the store, up by the desk, and you'll find some one to tell you what to do." Frank wished Mr. Sumner good morning, and proceeded to the initiatory rites. "To my eye that boy looks rather slender, Mr. Sumner, as if he hadn't been brought up to scratch for himself. Ay, it's the ruin of children to be humored, and petted, and coddled; nothing like early hardship for the young, Mr. Sumner." "I've no doubt of its benefit, sir, not the least," responded Mr. Sumner, who was a timid man, and on no consideration would have differed with so important a person; "but the boy is still young enough to profit by it. It's true he has been kept at study longer than I should have thought such a poor boy ought, but he was very industrious at his last place, and I hope he'll make up for lost time. A large establishment this, sir." "Ay, quite—three stories above this, and two below." "Bless my heart," exclaimed Mr. Sumner, "what a head it must require to control it." "And then so surrounded by risks, that it keeps one in constant trepidation, lest the labor of years should slip through the fingers in old age." And the old man seemed to shake at the idea. "Ay, business isn't carried on as it was when I was young. Then young men stood upon their own feet, now they expect to be borne on the shoulders of their elders, who too often are brought down to the dust by those they are trying to support."

Years of disappointment had not extinguished Mrs. Eaton's youthful ambition, and she received Mr. Sumner's bright anticipations for her rainbow child, as she often called Frank, with almost girlish elasticity. Priding herself on never meeting trouble half way, future possibilities became, to her, present realities; and in the brilliant illusion, contingencies had no place. Frank would be the staff of her declining years, the shield of his sister's youth. Might he not

save her from toil, so irreconcilable with female *gentility*? She deceived herself with the thought that she had merely a feminine dislike to publicity; for had the delicate flower whom she desired to shelter from observation, acquired reputation as an artist, an author, or even an actress, probably she would have borne the trial without a murmur. How many obstructions do the false maxims of the world place in the path of the poor.

Caroline Wright and Emily Carrol were school-mates, and proved that "the friendships of childhood though fleeting, are true," for no recreation was enjoyed by one, without being shared with the other. Fruit and flowers, and the little baskets of dinner were all in common; so were their innocent thoughts. Their devotion to each other gained for them among the older girls, the title of Damon and Pythias, which the younger ones improved by prefixing Miss. Are not youthful friendships the purest, most disinterested and beautiful events in life,—glimpses of a higher state—the serene azure peeping out between disparting clouds of selfishness? Within the walls of the school, sprung up and died this absorbing affection, and now the youthful inseparables seldom met, and when they did, as mere acquaintances. If the cause of this strange metamorphosis be asked—

"Fortune in men has some small difference made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade."

After a gay career, Caroline had married a rich man—Emily a comparatively poor one. Occasionally they had met at a friend's house, so that each was aware of the other's situation. "Oh, if Mr. Savage would but exert his extensive influence for poor Eaton!" Emily often thought, "how differently we might be situated;" but she could not ask such a favor through her former friend—her sweet Caroline.

The very day on which Frank had gone to his new place, Mrs. Eaton received a note from this very friend, requesting her to call on important business. Curiosity and a reviving recollection of the past, urged her immediately to seek the writer.

Mrs. Savage met her with much suavity, spoke of "auld lang syne," and of the numerous cares and circumstances which had for years separated her from all her old friends, whom she professed to remember and love as warmly as ever. She had a proposal to make, which she hoped would meet Mrs. Eaton's views, as she thought it might be a mutual benefit. Her husband was to sail for Europe in a fortnight. She intended to accompany him, but she could not go without some female, and she could think of no one that would be so agreeable to her as her old school-mate. The remuneration of course would be liberal. The proposal was so unexpected, that Mrs. Eaton required a few days to decide.

An interview with one from whom she had been

so long separated, and whom she had once tenderly loved, and the novelty of the proposal, were sufficient to excite one of so sanguine a temperament. To visit Europe, the desire of her youth—to be separated for a while from the needle, whose midnight labors, like the Trappist's, were preparing for her a certain grave, and to be acquiring an increase of means for her children's benefit—were put into one scale; to leave these dear ones for a brief period was all that remained for the other.

Her kind and judicious friend, Mr. Norton, was consulted, and discovering the state of her feelings, offered to take the children under his care. His wife was feeble, Fanny would be very useful, and Frank, he knew, would rather be with him than with any one else. Her next task was more trying, for she dreaded her children's tears, and remonstrances. Frank had lately been away from her so much that she hoped incipient manliness would prevent the expression of intense feeling; but how would her sweet, loving, tender Fanny bear the news? She had never been separated from her a single day, and when absent but a few hours, her gentle voice was ever the first to greet her return. Eyes filled with tears, and little arms fondly thrown round her neck, were the images that haunted her steps homeward, and when she reached the door, the first object that presented itself was the one she so much dreaded to behold. "You look very tired, mamma," cried the child, "let me untie your bonnet, and take off your shawl, and put them away for you." "No, dearest," replied she. "I'll wait upon myself to-day." Mrs. Eaton felt the need of lonely communion with herself and the Invisible, to whom the least reflecting turn in an hour of perplexity and trial.

When Frank returned in the evening, he seemed so buoyant and Fanny so depressed, that their mother could not bear to diminish the happiness of the one, nor to increase the sadness of the other. "Well, my son, judging from your face, I think you have made a pleasant change," remarked Mrs. Eaton, with as much of her usual gaiety as she could assume. "And do tell us about Mr. Morrison," said Fanny. "Let me breathe," cried Frank, "for you know I have had a long walk, and then I'll tell you all."

Mrs. Eaton busied herself about tea.

"I hope you will not have to live with such a disagreeable man again as Mr. Miln—that's all," exclaimed Fanny. "Why as to disagreeable, there are different kinds you know. I don't believe Mr. Morrison is without any faults, but I guess they're very different from Mr. Miln's. I'll tell you which I like best, when I've tried long enough, but I know I shall like the work best where I am." "And what have you been doing?" asked his mother. "Nothing but labelling bales of goods, to be sent south. But Mr. Dunn, the

head clerk, who seems to have the ordering of things, says that I won't always have it so easy, for I shall have to go into the cellar with Pomp, the porter, and help him pack." "Then, as I suppose you will have more to do with Mr. Dunn, than with Mr. Morrison, how do you like him?" inquired Mrs. Eaton.

"I have not seen anything to like or dislike about him any more than in the dried grasshopper, we saw the other day on the rose-bush. His hair is so white, and his shoulders so bent, that he looks a hundred. The porter told me that he had been twenty years with Mr. Morrison." "That speaks well for both," observed Mrs. Eaton, and most people would have arrived at the same conclusion.

Twenty years since, Dick, as his employer familiarly called him, was himself in successful business, but by one of those commercial earthquakes that involved so many in ruin, at forty-five he found himself penniless. Some in his situation, perhaps many, would have made a compromise with their creditors, and by ingenious contrivances fabricated a fortune, and laughed at the credulity of their friends; but Dick was not a brilliant man; in his palmy days it was often remarked by those who partook with much zest of his good cheer, that he never said anything worth repeating; he, however, often did many things worth remembering by those who needed acts more than words: so not being a brilliant man, he very innocently gave up what did not belong to him. What made his situation more pitiable, he had just ventured to imagine that he might increase his means of happiness, without restricting those of his mother and sisters, whom he had for many years supported—by perpetrating matrimony. But he lacked the sophistry which would have induced some, perhaps many, to call selfishness love, and, without heeding consequences, consult only their own gratification. He could not "marry to his despair," his first and only love; so without any flourish, he quietly gave up all thoughts of domestic happiness, except such as he had long enjoyed.

Being known as a good business man, he soon had an offer from Mr. Morrison, a small offer from so great a man; but there was a golden bait held out which for twenty years he had been vainly striving to seize. In a year or two, one of the partners would leave the firm, and then, if everything went straight, the clerk might perhaps take his place. At the expected time the place did become vacant, but poor Dick was not invited to fill it, and when he modestly reminded Mr. Morrison of his promise, another period was unconditionally fixed, but before it arrived, in consequence of heavy losses, the long expected event was postponed *sine die*.

The family of the disappointed expectant contrived, with his small salary, to live comfortably or rather *genteelly*, as it is called, one term not neces-

sarily including the other; that is, they appeared as well as those with double their means, by skilfully exercising all their tact and ingenuity. For instance, if an expensive dress or bonnet was to be purchased, the invisible, though in never so reduced a condition, was neglected—a sort of "robbing Peter to pay Paul," in order to sustain a certain position in society—which never penetrates beneath the exterior.

It may be asked why Dunn sold his business talents at so low a rate. He had a large development of caution, and he feared that he might not succeed as well elsewhere; and then the brilliant prospect of being one day a partner in the rich house of Morrison & Co., kept him a slave. Ah, Mr. Morrison was a shrewd manager—a very Machiavelli of merchants.

To return to the mother and children. Mrs. Eaton waited in vain for some favorable opening through which to introduce the subject that occupied all her thoughts. At length she remarked—"Well, Frank, as you seem so agreeably settled, I think I shall leave you for a while." Nothing had been said to bring her mind to this conclusion, but she could keep silence no longer. "Where are you going, mamma?" asked both children at once; and when she related to them her plans, and the pecuniary object she had in view, Fanny threw her arms round her mother's neck, and burying her face in her bosom, gave way to such a passionate burst of grief, that her resolution almost faltered. "Think what a short time I shall be away, dearest," cried Mrs. Eaton, as she pressed the sobbing child to her heart. "You will hardly miss me."

"Oh, yes, I shall, every night and every morning and all day; and I'm sure we've clothes enough, and victuals enough, and I'll never ask for a new frock again, if you'll only stay, dear mamma." When Mrs. Eaton spoke of her small earnings, and unceasing labor—of decreasing health, and of their wretchedness in case of her inability to take care of them; the child dried her eyes and listened attentively.

Frank seemed so full of astonishment, as to be incapable of any other feeling. "Suppose," resumed Fanny, "you should be shipwrecked, mamma." "A great many of our friends have been to Europe, sister, but none of them have been shipwrecked. People are not always shipwrecked that go to sea." "That's a man, Frank, and I am glad to find you so reasonable," observed his mother, kissing him tenderly. "Who is to take care of us, mamma?" inquired the girl in a piteous tone. "Why I can take care of you, Fan, and I'm sure I don't want any one to take care of me."

"You are to stay, my children, with Mr. Norton, who will be a father to you, as he has long

been. You will be all day at the store, Frank, and then I might as well be in England as here ; and Fanny will wait upon Mrs. Norton, who will be very glad to have her, and I hope she will be a very attentive little nurse. Every evening you will be together, and then you must look over your former lessons, and try to retain all you have learned —if possible acquire something new by my return. Let me see what I shall bring you both. Franky is too old for a drum or a sword ; and Fan"— "Some drawings for me to copy, mamma. I know what Mr. Norton showed me the other day, and I'd give any thing to own it." "If within my means, dearest, you shall have it." "Schiller's Song of the Bell, dear mamma," and the child kissed her mother in an ecstasy of delight. "The tear forgot as soon as shed," is childhood's peculiar privilege, never to be enjoyed in riper years.

Frank had "shed no outward tears," but his heart wept bitterly at this sad prospect, nor was his sorrow to be diminished by any anticipated present.

The fortnight passed in busy preparations ; the children were placed in their new home, and Mrs. Eaton went into the country with four of Mrs. Savage's children,—three were left at school, the other, a mere infant, with a relative. Their mother's extensive preparations prevented her from accompanying them herself. Mrs. Eaton flattered herself that this short absence would prepare the children for what must soon follow, but no preparation lessened the intense agony of the parting hour ; and the gloom which shrouded her face for several days caused Mrs. Savage to fear that she had made an injudicious selection of a travelling companion or *attendant*. But the recollection of her new duties, and the natural elasticity of her character which the rough hand of adversity had not yet destroyed, succeeded in removing her dejection. Most sedulously did she endeavor to interest and amuse, and serve her former playmate, but it was becoming daily more and more evident that she was to be allowed no vantage ground in consequence of having once stood on an equality. She was no longer Caroline Wright's bosom-friend, but Mrs. Savage's hired attendant. Then there were so many traits that she had never observed in youth, possibly then undeveloped, that it seemed to her like making a new acquaintance, rather than renewing an old one. Her utmost efforts to conciliate were so often met with caprice and ill humor, that she began to think some strange illusion had taken possession of her mind. Could Mr. Savage's remark—that there was an astonishing likeness between Mrs. Eaton and his favorite sister,—be the spark that had kindled all this flame ? He was respectful, even kind, but sufficiently reserved to prevent any reasonable suspicion. How-

ever this idea once presented to her mind could not be expelled.

When they arrived at London, all her fears were confirmed by a conversation which she very innocently overheard. Mr. and Mrs. Savage were going to the opera, and the former proposed to invite Mrs. Eaton to accompany them. This was decidedly negatived by the lady, who declared that she had no idea of appearing in public with her waiting maid, but that she had intended to present her and the chambermaid of the house tickets. The girl was so pretty that of course she could command an escort, and they would enjoy themselves very well together. The husband remonstrated against such impropriety and want of feeling. This drew upon him a Xantippean burst, and Mrs. Eaton was accused of love of admiration and coquetry. Like a wise man he gave up the point, but insisted that the woman should not be insulted by the offer of the ticket. The residue of the time was passed by Mrs. Eaton as unhappily as might be expected, and her heart yearned for the love of her innocent children, who, she thanked Heaven, were shielded from trials. Fortunate illusion ! for her burden was heavy enough without any addition. Poor little motherless ones—they, too, had their trials, and quite equal were they to their strength.

Frank's unceasing, and indeed laborious duties, prevented him from indulging in morbid feeling during the day, and at night weariness soon "steeped his senses in forgetfulness." But poor little Fanny, her station beside a querulous invalid, was not calculated to drive from her thoughts the absent. What a contrast between the whine and discontent of nervous irritability, and her mother's ringing, joyous laugh ! And good Mr. Norton, as everybody called him, who made all sunshine at home when he was there, had everybody's business to attend to, so, seldom was at home.

One evening the children were in a room adjoining Mrs. Norton's. Fanny was sitting at a table near the fire, drawing ; Frank on the other side of the table, an elbow resting upon it, and his eyes shaded with his hand, and a book open before him. He had been trying to read, but a troublesome cough prevented him ; and after closing his eyes a few minutes he fell asleep. His sister worked on—put the finishing touches to her picture, and then laid it on the open book. Still the boy slept—the child became impatient. "Why, Franky, asleep ! Do wake up, and see what I've been making for you." The boy roused himself, and directly began to cough ; but as soon as his eyes fell upon the paper, he exclaimed, "My beautiful, blessed mother !" "Our, Frank ; don't you know, we promised one another to call her, our mother ?" The boy gazed

on, without seeming to hear anything. At length he exclaimed, "Yes, yes, our own beautiful, blessed mother! And did you say this was for me, dear Fan? What a good, fortunate girl you are, to be able to give so much pleasure. Mr. Norton was right when he said, that genius ought to secure for its possessor too much satisfaction to leave any room for pride."

Frank took up her drawing pencil, and wrote on the picture in very small letters: "Our own beautiful, blessed mother." "Now you've spoiled it," cried the child; "don't you think the likeness will give the name, without writing it out in full?" "I think it will; but you know this is mine, and I mean to keep it for myself exclusively; so this inscription is only a record of feeling, and I hope"—another fit of coughing interrupted him. "Dear me! what a very bad cough you have, Frank," exclaimed Fanny, just beginning to notice it. "I wish mamma was here to make you some of that syrup that cured me last winter so soon." "I wish so," ejaculated the boy sadly. "Put your handkerchief up to your mouth, dear Franky, or Mrs. Norton will wake; and then I shall have to leave you." To prevent the loss of the only recreation he possessed—Fanny's society—he did all he could; and again his insidious enemy was still. "Is Mrs. Norton so very sick that you think she'll die soon?" asked he. "Oh no; nobody thinks she is going to die soon, but they think it will be a great while before she is well." "Oh, dear! I hope I shall not live so long. Do you know Fan, I often think how much I'd like to die?" "What do you mean, Frank; do you want to leave me?" and the child's eyes filled with tears. "No, indeed, dear sis; but I wish just what Mr. Norton said, when he preached from the text, "Not to be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality may be swallowed up in life." But, sis, I didn't mean to make you look so sorry; don't think about it any more, but just make this picture a suitable size for my pocket book, and I'll keep it by me always; and Fan, if I should die, lay it beside me."

This was too much; the child laid her head on the table and burst into tears. "Dear, dear sister," cried he, kneeling beside her, and kissing her tenderly; "indeed I didn't mean to grieve you." But Fanny's tears were not to be stayed, and she continued to weep, until a summons from Mrs. Norton's room compelled her to compose herself.

Frank's cough was far more serious than he, or any one near him, except perhaps, Mr. Dunn, imagined. The weather was unusually cold and wet for the season, and no one paying the least attention to health, contrived to do without fire; yet, there had not been a particle in the wealthy establishment of Morrison and Co. "It was too

bad," the clerk said, "that so many people's lives should be jeopardized for the sake of a few shillings." Mr. Morrison could n't help it. There was a day fixed for the lighting of fires, and he would have no rules broken. The clerk continued to remonstrate—"If his rheumatism, which would soon prevent his writing at all, was of no account, the slender orphan, as you might call him, with his hollow, consumptive cough, ought to make some difference. It was too bad to see so many blue noses and purple lips, for lack of a little warmth. Even Pomp looked like a black icicle." All this, and more, the clerk tried to impress upon his granite master, who assured him in reply, that if the atmosphere did not suit him, he was perfectly welcome to go elsewhere. There were Ben and Joe Thompson, his wife's sister-in-law's children, ready to come. "Welcome to go elsewhere," muttered the clerk; "and has it come to this! For twenty years treated like a galley-slave—reduced almost to bread and water, but kept on with fair promises; and now in my old age told that I am welcome to go elsewhere." There was an expression in the old man's face and words, that struck his employer, without touching his heart. Neither Ben nor Joe could fill his place; and it was possible that his faithful drudge might take him at his word and go elsewhere. So after looking over papers which seemed to absorb his attention entirely, he turned to his victim, and with the blandest air imaginable addressed him, "The bill of lading I find is all right, Dick, it was I that was mistaken, not you; and the goods to be shipped to-morrow I shall trust entirely to your judgment. You know what I mean—there was a little difference of opinion between us, but I give up to you, you are always so accurate. Faith, I might as well lose my head as you, Dick;" and he slapped his indispensable slave familiarly on the shoulder. All this Dick considered tantamount to a renewed pledge of the promised partnership, and for a while his rheumatism and Frank's cough were forgotten.

Unfortunately Mr. Norton had been unexpectedly called out of town on important business, so the fatherless and motherless boy coughed on, day and night, unnoticed. He occupied a northerly garret—politely called an attic—through which the cold wind passed freely; and often rose in the morning so unrefreshed, as to be scarcely able to drag himself to the store; then weary and exhausted, he would be occupied for hours in handling cold iron, in a damp cellar, until dinner-time, when he would go to an eating-house well warmed by a stove, get into a perspiration, emerge into the cold air, and again resume his chilling toil till night. But he was a brave boy and scorned to complain; and when Fanny talked about his getting thin and pale, he laughed at her childish

notions, and promised to be quite well when their dear mother returned.

Mr. Norton was shocked, on his return, to perceive the rapid change, and immediately employed a physician, who advised that all business should be given up for the present. This was unwelcome counsel to the patient, as he dreaded the loss of what everybody called a good place, and which he tried to believe was so. It mattered little, however, as disease soon laid the same restrictions; in a week he had not strength left to reach the store. Indeed a walk to the doctor's, only half the distance, which he took every morning, exhausted him completely. Some carping individuals thought it unfeeling to exact so great an effort from one so feeble, others ventured to excuse him—"It was not to be expected that doctors could make frequent visits at great distances, when there was so little prospect of being paid. Everybody knew Mrs. Eaton's circumstances, and indeed, it was very considerate not to be running up a large bill." Charity demands that the doctor's reason for so remarkable a requisition should be heard; the boy must not give up; he must rouse himself and keep up his spirits. It was a bad thing to get discouraged, and he forbade all gloomy conversation, or depressing allusions, as if recovery were possible; while his skill, with the clearness of prophetic vision, penetrated through weeks of suffering, to the inevitable issue. Is such a course really kind, honest, or judicious? And what physician would not rather be accused of unwise frankness, than bring upon himself the contempt which such cruel mockery must occasion? Perseveringly, spite of debility or even inclement weather, did this tottering boy, with his sister's aid, perform his daily task. Fanny had become his shadow—rather his light—she was too bright for so sombre a name—for he could not even sleep beyond the sound of her voice.

The first change Mr. Norton made was to remove him from the cold garret to a comfortable room, next to Fanny's; indeed, every care was now relinquished, that he might devote himself entirely to his young friend.

"Come, Frank," said he, one morning, as the invalid lay stretched upon a sofa, "Fanny has been waiting for you a long while, and if you do not hasten, the doctor will be out, and you'll have your walk for nothing." "Not quite for nothing," responded Fanny, "for it's such a clear, sunny morning, that I know he'll feel better for going out." "If you knew how comfortable I feel here," cried the boy, slowly rising, "and how it tires me to walk, I know you wouldn't ask me to go." "Why, my dear boy, this will never do—the doctor must know best of course; and he says you must exert yourself, or the medicine will be of no use. So cheer up, and get well as fast as

possible, to meet your dear mother." "Yes, think of that, dear, dear brother, how very soon she'll be home again," exclaimed Fanny, jumping up and down, and assisting the weak boy to put on his cloak, and then running for his hat. It was his last health-seeking visit; and his wan countenance and trembling limbs spoke to Mr. Norton's heart more touchingly and irresistibly than all the medical man's arguments. The neighbors were very attentive, and tried every means to enliven him. One day, while he slept, a bunch of flowers, a rare prize in winter, was sent to him. Fanny laid it on his pillow that it might greet him as soon as he awoke. "He is so fond of flowers, she said to herself, and he has seen none since his sickness," and she stood beside the bed, anticipating his delight. He opened his eyes, looked at them for a moment, and exclaimed imploringly, "Take them away, take them away, sweet sister; I cannot bear their fragrance, nor their beauty." Fanny, as she obeyed this strange request, observed, "Why this is very odd, Franky, that as mamma used to say when I was troublesome—'This must be some other little boy in Franky's place; I wish Franky would come back again,'—not to like flowers, when you loved them so dearly once." "That's the very reason I don't want to see them now; I'd rather not see anything now that I used to see, and I almost wish that you were some other little girl than the dear sister I once ran about the fields with, when we played, and danced, and sang together." The gentle, loving child looked sad. He resumed—"Don't be troubled, sis, may be they won't annoy me to-morrow; let me see them then, and I'll try to love them for your sake." "Let me feel your head, brother, I'm sure you're getting crazy, for crazy people, you know, always hate their best friends, and you don't want sweet flowers, nor your own dear sister near you! Well, I think I must ask Mr. Norton for a straight jacket." The invalid threw his arm round her, drew her to him, and kissing her affectionately, exclaimed, "Try to forget what I said about you, dearest, but seriously, I wish there was not a flower in the world, to form such a contrast with sickness and suffering. You don't know what a dreadful thing contrast is, sister. If I had always been sick, and shut up in this little room, I should n't mind it any more than Mr. Sumner's canary, that was hatched in his cage, and never knew what it was to fly." "But Frank, don't you know,"—Fanny was interrupted by a low tap at the door. A kind neighbor called to inquire after the boy's health, and when she had acquired all the necessary information, she drew from her pocket a book, which looked ancient enough to have belonged to the Alexandrian library, and presenting it to Frank, said, "I bin a wantin' to fetch somethin' to you, but I had n't nothin' nice,

and so as I heerd you set great store by books, I went up to the garret, and rummaged clear to the bottom of an old trunk, where I knew there was some books. There wa'n't but four on 'em—Baxter's Saints' Rest, Owen on Indwellin' Sin, a rale old book, an old Directory, and Watts' Psalms and Hymns. The two first looked so dark lookin' that I thought may be you would n't care about 'em; and the Directory was old too, if it had a bin this year's, I know'd you would a liked it, as you could a found out where everybody lived, but I spose that do n't consarn you much now, so I brought you this poetry book, and I reckon you'll take abundance o' comfort in it, cause it's a rale pious book, and them's the books what people, when their days is numbered, ought be a readin'." And as she ended her address, which had a very visible effect on the listeners, she took up a volume of Shakspeare, which lay open on the bed. She resumed,—" Well, seems to me them's queer things for people that growth up in a night and is cut down in the morning. Seems to me them's the devil's leading strings, as you may say, and I'm kind a surprised, that Mr. Norton, a minister like, should have sich unmoral books in his house." The brother and sister were amazed. "Mr. Norton thinks," replied the former, "that plays, as well as parables, may convey truth, and you know there is high authority for teaching in parables." "I spose Mr. Norton do n't purtend to think, that Matthew, or Judas, or Paul, or any o' the disciples, went into that school of purdition, as the Reverend Mr. Ronzer calls the theatre?" "I never heard him say, Mrs. Nixon, but I know he never goes, and he says there are a great many reasons why he does not wish his friends to go, but he never told me what they were. Mrs. Nixon, I'd like to tell you a story that I have been reading, and hear what you think of it." The good woman expressed her willingness, and he proceeded to relate the story of Macbeth, though with occasional pauses to gather strength. "Law sus, du tell!" exclaimed the enemy of Shakspeare. "Well, I do n't know nothin' about it from my own observin', cause I never read a play-book in my life, but I've always heerd, that they was Satan's instruments to bring souls into his kingdom. But raly, it's done me a deal of comfort to see you so chirpy, and I can't help feelin' as though you might git up agin, for all your cough, and lookin' so poor, and pale. I said to Miss Townsend t'other day when she tell'd me you could n't live long, I says, I'm sure he won't die yet; Heaven would n't be so cruel, I says, as to take him away afore he sees his mother; and I'm sure, I says, that would break her heart, or turn her head, as she always sot great store by her children, though she did leave 'em to go across the water, I says. But I'm rale glad to see you so

bright, master Frank;"—she did not observe the tears which her thoughtless words had brought to his eyes,—" and I'll come and see you again soon." Fanny, to speed the parting guest as soon as possible, and relieve the invalid from such unnecessary torture, pulled up Mrs. Nixon's shawl, and opened the door at which she was standing, while she said, "Frank will have a great many visits to return when he gets well, and as you are the nearest neighbor, I think he'll make you the first call, Mrs. Nixon." Poor girl, she could not return to the invalid immediately, her heart was too full, so she sat down and tried to compose herself. An unexpected auxiliary soon arrived, in the form of a letter to Frank. She flew up stairs with it, hoping it would raise the gloomy pall which his injudicious visiter had thrown over his spirits. Alas! the day was doomed to furnish contrasts. It was a letter from his friend, Ned Preston, which, after perusing, he threw aside, much as he had the flowers, and burying his face in the bed-clothes, wept bitterly. Kind, devoted little Fanny, what could she do? Nothing, but weep with him; this she thought was not the best means to allay his suffering, so she proposed calling Mr. Norton. To this he objected. "No, dear sister, put your hand in mine, and your arm round my neck, and let me lean my head upon your cheek, and I shall soon feel better." In a few minutes he raised his head, and said, in a low voice, "How selfish sickness makes us; here am I, keeping you, my dear Fan, from other duties, perhaps, and grieving you with my foolish feelings." "What other duties should I have, dear Franky, when you are sick, or sorry, but to take care of you, and to love you, and to be sorry with you? Are we not all to each other?" She kissed him passionately, and again they wept together. He made no allusion to the letter, but after he had laid himself down on the bed, she took it up, re-folded it, and laid it beside the flowers. It contained a request from his former school-mate, who was ignorant of his illness, that he would make him a visit during the approaching holidays.

Weaker and weaker became the invalid, and brighter glowed the hectic, yet the doctor talked of decreasing fever, and improving symptoms, and the uninitiated submitted their judgments to his, and dismissed their fears. "Wo to those who call darkness light, and light darkness; who cry peace, where there is no peace."

Mr. Norton and Fanny were indefatigable nurses. A niece of the former had taken Fanny's place in Mrs. Norton's room; her duties were, therefore, confined to one spot. Day or night, sitting up or lying down, the sick boy was never permitted to be alone. One of his nurses would read to him whenever he wished, and as long as

he was able to listen. His kind friend was delighted at the angelic purity, the holy aspirations of his mind ; but all studied conversation, supposed to belong exclusively to the sick room, was avoided. The spontaneous remark, when the subject of death occurred, the natural expression of a hope full of immortality, and the entire absence of fear, were worth a hundred hackneyed observations. All allusion to his mother produced such agitation, that she was never intentionally mentioned ; and little Fanny, who had always been accustomed to give utterance to every feeling, now learned to set a guard upon her lips.

Frank's cough grew worse and worse—his cheeks became more and more sunken, his eyes acquired an unearthly brilliancy, and an unnatural size, his nose a sharp outline, and a contracted expression ; but over all these symbols of change and ruin, gleamed death's beacon-light—the unvarying hectic. Still he was not confined to the bed, indeed he breathed easier sitting up, therefore he would weary himself, to avoid the suffocation which often ensued on lying down.

It was now time for Mrs. Eaton's return, and Mr. Norton was anxiously expecting it, yet dreading its effect on the invalid's nerves. Nothing was said to him on the subject, but he had his mother's last letter, in which she mentioned the day she expected to sail, and it was evident from his anxious looks whenever the bell rang, what occupied his thoughts. Mr. Norton had given a true but not exaggerated picture of Frank's state, that she might be prepared but not shocked. This information it was plain she had not received, as no notice was taken of it in her letter, which was altogether occupied with extravagant anticipations of soon beholding her children—"The heaven of her thoughts—the life of her life." This precious letter which had been plentifully bedewed with the invalid's tears, on its first perusal, was laid under his pillow, and every day when Fanny made his bed, she carefully and silently returned it to its resting place. With much more than the ordinary sagacity of her age, did the loving child fill her arduous and responsible place, and though absence had not weakened her affection for her mother, all thought and feeling seemed concentrated on the shadowy form which her excited imagination led her sometimes to believe, would at length become impalpable, and be exhaled like dew. It was a pleasant fancy, for darkness and the worm would not then be his companions.

One month of winter was over—Christmas was gone ; it had not been a merry one in the little, anxious household, and the next sun would beam upon the New Year, with its glad greetings and joyous festivities. The young nurse sat beside the bed, leaning her head on the pillow, and had fallen asleep while her charge was sitting up, amusing

himself with a book. In a few moments the sleeper was awakened by a strange gurgling noise. She roused herself and beheld her brother standing with out-stretched arms. His eyes were starting from their sockets, his face was purple and his whole frame convulsed. Fanny flew to him—replaced him in his chair, and procured all restoratives that were at hand. The intensity of the paroxysm passed. Mr. Norton was not at home. She sent for the Dr.—he was out—there was one next door—he was called a quack—no matter, he must know more than she did, so he was sent for, and came. Wise or ignorant, he was honest, he shook his head mournfully, but administered a temporary relief. Several hours passed before Mr. Norton's return. He was shocked beyond expression, and hastened out for the physician, with whom he soon returned. Fanny and the gasping boy described the attack. "I thought I was going this morning, Dr." he added. "Did you, indeed," ejaculated the healing sage. "Yes, and I'm sure I could n't stand another such spasm," he added, almost inarticulately. The Dr. said nothing, but busied himself in writing a prescription. Hope once more sprang up in Fanny's heart. She had heard of a period in sickness called the crisis, and that medical men could not always decide until this was over, and she passed her hand over the cold, clammy temples which pressed her cheek, with the trust that the death-dew might be a favorable symptom. "Let me take your place, dear, and relieve you awhile," said Mr. Norton. "Oh, no, I thank you, I'm not tired at all, and I know dear Franky likes to have me here." Frank shook his head. "He wishes you to be relieved, my child. Sit on the other side of him, and take his hand." "Yes, yes, that's it, that's it," burst forth in broken sentences, as he laid his chilly, bony hand in his sister's, so full of warmth and life.

Towards evening he proposed lying down, or rather sitting up in bed, for a recumbent posture produced such oppression that he could hardly breathe. There was no return of that awfully hideous spasm, which seemed like life struggling in the grasp of death. The dark hue had given place to an ashy paleness, and slumber threw a light chain over his faculties, so light that the most gentle footstep would break it.

Hours passed, and the deep stillness of night was interrupted only by the noisy mirth, or drunken shout of those who seemed rejoicing that another year of an ill-spent life had passed into eternity. At length a mournful strain sung by many voices, male and female, fell upon the watcher's ears. It seemed like a spirit's summons to its home of light and melody. Nearer and nearer approached the sounds, until the following sounds were distinctly heard.

Come, ye candidates for glory,
Tune your harps and haste away,
Now is the accepted season,
This is bright redemption's day.
Earth-bound slaves—ye heavy laden,
Loose your burdens, burst your chains;
Fear not, 't is your Saviour calls you,
He whose blood has cleansed your stains.
Another year is with the past,
Another year may be your last.
Up—up—up!

The remainder of the words were inaudible, but the sweet wild strains were heard until they became as impalpable as a floating vapor. With all the surrounding circumstances, it may be imagined how intensely touching to the inmates of the sick room, was this ghost-like music. The slumberer's heavy eyelids opened, he seemed to be drinking in the melancholy sounds, and his countenance became irradiated with a heavenly light; but he remained silent. His sister was sitting on the bed with his hand clasped lovingly in hers, and her cheek pressed close to his. Mr. Norton had left his seat and quietly knelt beside her, evidently in prayer. The bed was opposite the stairs, and the room door was open to admit the air.

Again the sufferer slept, and again was his slumber broken by the rattling of a carriage. It stopped; a voice was heard in the hall—"Why Bridget, I'm glad too see you here still; and how are the dear children, and where are they?" Then followed a merry, ringing laugh—footsteps were on the stairs. The boy gazed wildly round, and gasped out, "My blessed, blessed mother!" Mr. Norton rose; Fanny alone remained motionless, while the distracted mother rushed in—threw herself beside the dying boy—pressed her lips to his—felt them return the pressure, and heard them breathe, "Blessed—blessed mother!"—the last effort of affection. Then followed a long, deep sigh—another—and another—and all was over.

Oh! the wild shriek which burst from that mother's heart, was never forgotten by the listeners. "My God! my God! my child gone for ever!" and she imprinted on his icy lips a long, long kiss, and fell senseless.

Mr. Norton had removed Fanny to an adjoining room. She was perfectly passive, and seemed like one in a trance. He now bore the still insensible form of Mrs. Eaton to the same apartment, and conjured the paralyzed girl to think of her mother, rather than of him who needed not her care. The child roused herself, and mechanically applied the necessary restoratives; but with the first return of consciousness, came the memory of some dark cloud or giant form—mysterious, undefinable—threatening her with ruin; then clearer and clearer became the outline, until the reality burst upon her senses, and bewildered them. All Fanny's arguments and entreaties were unavail-

ing. She seemed to forget that she was her child, and tearing herself from her, she went straight to the chamber of death—the casket which contained her jewel. Mr. Norton met her at the door, and besought her to leave the room and return to Fanny, who so much needed her mother's affection. His words made no more impression on the ears for which they were intended, than on those which lay bound with the death bandage.

"I would be left alone," she said, with the authority of a queen, and Mr. Norton, who saw in the wild glance of her eye, how ineffectual and injudicious would be opposition, bowed and left the room, resolving to station himself outside the door, and await the issue. For some time he heard nothing but a quiet pacing up and down the room; once a wild laugh, then these words uttered at intervals: My son! my Frank! my rainbow child! I called thee so full of promise, and this is the fulfilment! Can a mother forsake her child? She may—she has. No! no! it was poverty that tore me away, and then murdered thee!" Then followed a burst of agony, which was succeeded by silence; then a deep groan and a heavy fall. Instantly Mr. Norton was in the room, and again removed the insensible maniac to a fitter place.

Two candles had been left on the mantel-piece—one only burning. She had lighted the other, and put both on a chair at the foot of the bed. The weights from the eyes, and the bandage from the chin, she had removed, and on one of the shrivelled fingers, placed her wedding ring. In making these arrangements, the letter enclosing the sketch which had been laid on his breast, caught her eye. She opened it, and fell prostrate.

Many weeks, ay months, passed, before reason was restored. Alas! health had vanished forever. Memory threw around her an atmosphere, in which she lived, and moved, and had her being. The past and the future were all that remained to her.

And youth, so wedded, as it seems, by nature to joyous feelings, and brilliant hopes, and fanciful anticipations, became to the budding girl, a season of thoughtfulness and solicitude, with no brightness, but a mother's sad, sickly smile, and the consciousness of right-doing.

On the last day of the old year—the last day of Frank's earthly existence, Mr. Norton received a laconic letter from Mr. Dunn, stating, that if the boy was not yet well, they could wait no longer for him, as arrangements for the new year would now be made. The letter was thrown into the fire; the next day's paper will contain an answer, he thought.

Well was it for the ceaseless mourner, that she knew not the source of the dark stream whose

swollen waves had buried joy and hope. No one had ever dared to deepen her despair, by revealing the poor boy's sufferings, in that damp, unwholesome dungeon, consecrated to avarice. No one had ever repeated his account of other victims of selfishness; pale, thin boys, who stood at their desks all day, and even till the morning's dawn; whose eyes were bleared and almost blind, with the incessant glare of lamps; for the sunlight scarcely ever penetrated through the dark, narrow business streets.

Spoke after spoke fell from the wheels of the

great money manufactory of Morrison and Co. The principal wheel also (Dunn) gave way; but all were soon replaced by others, with less anxiety to the owner than if a similar casualty had befallen the splendid vehicle which every morning conveyed him to his coining establishment. Alas! the blood-stained conqueror, in pursuit of glory, from whom we turn in disgust, is not more reckless of human life, than many a commercial hero, who, in pursuit of gold, pays others to fight his battles, and whom we greet with pleasure, and present as a model to the young and the aspiring.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

BY W.M. WALLACE.

HERE are the houses of the dead.—Here youth And age and manhood, stricken in his strength, Hold solemn state and awful silence keep. While earth goes murmuring in her ancient path, And troubled ocean tosses to and fro Upon his mountainous bed impatiently, And many stars make worship musical In the dim aisled abyss, and over all The LORD OF LIFE, in meditation wrapped, Towers upon the large white pyramid Of still eternity.

I pause and think

Among these walks lined by the frequent tombs, For it is very wonderful. Afar The populous city lifts its tall, bright spires, And snowy sails are glancing on the bay, As if in merriment—but here all sleeps. They sleep, these calm, pale people of the past: Spring plants her rosy feet on their dim homes— They sleep!—Sweet summer comes and calls, and calls, With all her passionate poetry of flowers Wed to the music of the soft south-wind— They sleep!—The lonely autumn sits and sobs Between the cold white tombs, as if her heart Would break—they sleep!—Wild winter comes and chants Majestic the mournful song learned Far in the melancholy north, where God Walks forth alone upon the desolate seas,— They slumber still!—Sleep on, oh, passionless dead! Ye make our world sublime! ye have a power And majesty the living never hold. Here Avarice shall forget his den of gold; Here Lust his beautiful victim, and hot Hate His crouching foe Ambition here shall lean Against death's shaft, veiling the stern, bright eye That overbold, would take the height of gods, And know Fame's nothingness.—The sire shall come, The matron and the child, through many years, To this fair spot, whither the plumed hearse Moves slowly through the winding walks, or death For a brief moment pauses:—all shall come

To feel the touching eloquence of graves: And therefore it was well for us to clothe The place with beauty. No dark terror here Shall chill the generous tropic of the soul, But Poetry und her starred comrade, Art, Shall make the sacred country of the dead Magnificent. The fragrant flowers shall smile Over the low, green graves; the trees shall shake Their soul-like cadences upon the tombs; The little lake, set in a paradise Of wood, shall be a mirror to the moon What time she looks from her old azure tent; And stately Sculpture, from her white hands, throw A solemn glory that shall wrap the heart In tearful ravishment.—Oh, it is well! Why should a darkness scowl on any spot From whence man grasps eternity? Light, light, And Art, and Poetry, and Eloquence, And all that we call glorious, are its dower. Oh, ye whose mouldering frames were brought and placed By pious hands within these flowery slopes And gentle hills, where are ye dwelling now? For man is more than element. The soul Lives in the body as the sunbeam lives In trees or flowers, that were but clay without. Then where are ye, lost sunbeams of the mind? Are ye where great Orion towers and holds Eternity on his stupendous front? Or where pale Neptune in the distant space Shows us how far, in his creative mood, With pomp of silence and concentrated brows Hath stepped the Almighty? Haply ye have gone Where other matter roundeth into shapes Of bright beatitude: or do ye know Aught of dull space or time, and its dark load Of aching weariness?

They answer not.
But HE whose love created them, of old,
To cheer HIS solitary realm and reign,
With love will still remember them.



T A B L E C H A T .

BY MRS. R. S. HARVEY.

"I WOULDN'T marry an awkward man, or one who has a stoop in the shoulders, would you, Charlotte?" said the lively Sarah Cunningham, as a small party of young ladies lingered over the dessert in Mr. Cunningham's dining room. "I don't think it likely I shall ever marry," said Charlotte Ludlow, demurely placing a nut between the nut-crackers. "Oh, no, of course not," returned the first speaker, "like all proper young ladies, we all expect to be grave and sorrowful old maids; but suppose such a thing were to happen; would n't you like your husband to be tall, and noble looking, so that you could look up to him admiringly?" "No, I do n't think I care much for personal appearance; but I should like him to be wise as Socrates, and eloquent as Cicero." "And what would *you* like, sister Julia," said the youngest of the party, addressing one whose earnest eye betokened a mind intelligent and reflecting beyond the others. "I should have no objection to personal beauty or brilliant talents, certainly," replied Julia Cunningham, with a smile; "but oh," she added in more serious tone, "I could not love one that I did not believe beyond the dominion of any vice." "Vice, why how came you to think of such a thing?" asked Sarah inquiringly. "Who'd dream of marrying a vicious man?" "None of us, I'm sure," replied her sister; "but the thought was suggested by passing a person in the street this morning, of genteel appearance, and so dreadfully intoxicated—I crossed the street with an in-

voluntary shudder—but as I turned away, I sighed to think, that perhaps some wife had once loved him, some sister had had pride in him." "Once loved him!" repeated Charlotte, "why, if she once loved him, she must love him yet; you know, the old song says—

"When once her gentle bosom knows
Love's flame, it wanders never;
Deep in her heart the passion glows,
She loves and loves forever."

"Songs are not always the best authority, even in love matters," replied Julia; "for my part, I think I could love through every test of feeling but that. I could endure disappointment, grief and toil—but degradation—*never!*" "Well, if that's so shocking," said Sarah quickly, "I'd better just tap William Russell on the shoulder when I next see him indulging in a glass of wine. There's no knowing what might come of it." A laugh all round followed this sally, and Julia replied smiling, "Don't give yourself the trouble, sister dear, it would not be worth while to trust one with aught else, that could not be *trusted to take a glass of wine*." A lively bantering on the theme of William Russell now commenced, and Sarah declared that he was to be the happy man from four inferences which she was ready to demonstrate; and the mirth was ringing some lively peals when Julia interposed—"Hush, you noisy ones; papa is taking his after-dinner nap in the next room, and it is the only indulgence, you know,

which dear papa ever allows himself." "I wish papa would get rich," said Sarah with a half sigh, "then he need n't wear himself out so in this everlasting *business*!" "I don't see much chance of that," returned Julia, "while business is so dull, and there are so many birds in the nest which papa has to keep warm and comfortable." "Then suppose some of us take a fly;" said Sarah, "you are the oldest, why do n't you begin?" This renewed the easily-excited laughter, for youth waits not for real wit to provoke the smile, and Julia shaking her finger admonishingly, arose to summon the servant to remove the things. A promenade was now arranged by the rest of the party, who ran rapidly up stairs for the bonnets and the mantles, and Julia, entering the room where her father was sleeping, softly arranged the window curtain that the light might not fall upon his face. She then gathered up the music which had been littered about, and placed it neatly in the music-rack—restored the room to its wonted orderly appearance, and drawing her work-stand to the window, took up her needlework and commenced sewing steadily. As she worked, some sweet thought which had nestled in her heart expanded itself upon her expressive face. First the dark eye lightened with a brilliant animation, and the lips parted in a happy smile—but then came an expression of softened grief, and tears sprang to her eyes.

Julia Cunningham was the eldest of a large and lovely family, and both parents had ever turned to her in the vicissitudes of their earthly career, as a solace; and in some sense a support. Mrs. Cunningham, a woman of gentle and retiring spirit, feeble in health and worn down by the cares of a numerous household, had gradually assigned to Julia a place better becoming the head of a family, and had delighted to find refuge in her energy and promptitude from those petty and harassing cares which follow in the train of a large family and straitened means; and Mr. Cunningham, suddenly plunged from apparent affluence, into a long and weary struggle with embarrassed circumstances, had found in his intelligent and thoughtful daughter, one always ready to listen to his plans—to sympathize in his disappointments, and to inspire the heart anew with the sweet encouragements of hope. And Julia's was not a passive sympathy with either parent. Most people in their station of life thought it necessary to keep two or three domestics, but Julia rose early to arrange the breakfast-room, and see that all was comfortable for her father's early meal; and then she was always ready for the nursery, helping mamma with the little ones, so that the Cunninghams were always neat and orderly with but one servant. Dearly, too, as she loved the indulgence of her own refined tastes, which her parents had

spared no pains to cultivate with their then ample means, she was always ready to lay aside the book and put up the drawing to instruct a little brother or sister who was too young to go to school; and when new clothes were to be provided, and seasonable arrangements made, none made the purse hold out so well as Julia, and no fingers flew so fast as hers in the domestic manufactory. What wonder, then, that the parents sighed as well as smiled at beholding not a few of the other sex ready to lay the heart-offering on the shrine of their fair daughter! What wonder, while they watched with anxious solicitude the choice that would bind up her earthly destinies, they talked pensively to each other of the blank that would follow in their household! "I cannot see any reason for haste in the matter," said Mr. Cunningham to his wife, as they stole away from the parlor to indulge in an hour of sober chat in their own apartment. "Hard as you toil and strive for them, my dear, I think you will never see reason to be in haste to part with any of your daughters," replied Mrs. Cunningham. "But Julia is only twenty, and I do n't wish any of them to marry before twenty-five; that's young enough, in my opinion." "Well, dear, the hurry is this:—William Russell is going to the south to commence a new business, and he is afraid of losing the treasure he covets. Mr. Graves proposed last evening, and was refused, and William, with a lover's watchfulness, suspects the truth, and suspects, morevoer, that yet another is ready, and that's why, he told me this morning, he so urges the matter." "Well! I will not consent to his taking her away, while he is uncertain as to his own success, and permanent establishment. Let him try it a year, and then there will be a better certainty for her." "No doubt there would," replied his wife, "I think you are very right; but you prefer William Russell, do you not, to any of her admirers?" "Yes, I certainly do. William has struggled with the world, and knows what it is; has long provided for a mother and sisters, even before his prodigal father was taken away, and I regard his character as so fixed that I would sooner trust my child to his care than to any other's. Yet I have never seen a man I think worthy of Julia!" "Nor ever would," said his wife smiling, "should you live a hundred years! and indeed, I do not know how we shall do without her. Sarah and Emma and all are good girls, but they are not Julia." Just so thought William Russell! as most reluctantly he subscribed to Mr. Cunningham's condition, and wended his way without the companion he had hoped would render it interesting. But the year, like other years, rolled its steady round, and was gathered to its progenitors beyond the flood; and the stated time had come, and a few but valued friends assembled at Mr. Cunningham's mansion to celebrate the happy

day. Strange that so many tears should fall upon a happy day! strange that so many serious faces should be seen in that cheerful home upon a happy day! The parents looked grave and even sad—the bright, gay Sarah drenched her blonde with tears as the ceremony proceeded, and even the little ones felt that there was something in the scene more solemn than they could penetrate, as the vow was spoken, to be faithful, loving until death. Julia had struggled nobly to preserve the usual composure of her manner—had kept down the choking heart, while mother and sisters sobbed farewell—but on the bosom of her father she wept so long and passionately, that the bridegroom playfully remonstrated, and with gentle force urged her to the carriage which was to convey them away. Strange anomaly of human nature! As the rapid movement hid the gaze of loving faces from her view, she, felt with the husband for whom she had chosen to leave all sitting by her side, almost desolate!

The parents of Julia Cunningham had concurred in her choice, because they believed that the fine person and engaging manners of Russell were united to a character beyond the power of circumstances to change; and every possible support had been given to this opinion, in all the years that he had mingled as a man among his fellows. The fact of having a mother and sisters depending on his exertions, had poised the natural buoyancy of his temperament with thoughtfulness and consideration: and straitened circumstances had rendered it necessary to deny himself the indulgence of society. Now, his position was greatly altered. His mother had been removed by death—his sisters well provided for by opulent husbands—his business was rapidly increasing, and with no wants to provide for but his young wife's, with her domestic habits, William felt that his burden was a light one. The society into which they were thrown was a hospitable, and rather convivial one, and in the admiration his beautiful and intelligent Julia excited, the husband experienced a new source of delight, and felt little inclined to limit any indulgence from which she might derive gratification.

And thus are the avenues to temptation thrown open! In the hours of ease and indulgence, in the garb of brightness and beauty, the bosom's foe assails us, and well for those who waken to resistance, before the ruin is complete! Strong in the undoubting confidence of youth, Julia feared no evil; and three years had flown away so pleasantly, she scarcely knew them gone. Each year she had passed a few weeks under the paternal roof, and the rejoicing parents united in the belief, that their daughter's wedded life was all that could be desired. A change was, however, approaching! and William Russell informed his wife, that the tide was setting against him. Business falling off,

losses here and there, had made a serious diminution in their income, and he thought they would try to live more economically. "Certainly," said Julia, readily, "I remember well how papa retrenched his family expenses, and it all came right again; and he is so prosperous now." "But I am sorry you should go over again for me," said the husband in a dissatisfied tone, "the painful lessons of your youth." "They were not painful," replied Julia, cheerfully; "I never was happier in all my life, than when, by some alteration or contrivance, I saved papa a new expense." "I am no admirer of small savings," said William, with a faint smile. "Then suppose we save a large sum, right out," returned Julia, animatedly. "If we decline Judge Hastings' party to-night, and attend no more large ones this fall, we shall not need to give our own annual entertainment in the winter, and that will save a heap of money, and a world of trouble." "Oh, that is looking too far ahead; besides, we must go to-night, for I am anxious to see a friend whom I promised to meet there; it will do us good, too, Julia; I want cheering up." Julia thought she had never seen her husband less cheerful, than when they returned from the brilliant festivity. He seemed so flushed, so feverish and weary, and she wished—she scarcely knew why—that he would attend no more parties. A few days after this, a letter was received by Mr. Russell, imparting the melancholy intelligence of the very sudden death of Mrs. Cunningham. He broke the news to Julia as tenderly as possible, and her father wrote almost immediately, entreating her to come to him, for some time, in this hour of his desolation. "And how long will you stay?" said William, as Julia completed her mournful preparation for the journey. "I ought to remain, dear William, at least three months," she replied. "They will need me now so much!" "Three months is a long time," said the husband, "but I must try to do without you!" When Julia returned, she found things getting worse rather than better, with her husband; and notwithstanding she practised every possible self-denial for herself, and extended it to their household in every way that he would permit, the cloud gathered strength, rather than dispersed. There was an alteration in him, too, which occasioned her deep anxiety. So uncertain and fitful in spirits, so careless in management, so easily irritated. She could not understand it, and she sought the reason in the trials of his business, in the loss of quiet, in the failure of health, in every cause but the right one. Some days passed on, and a card of invitation was sent, for another gay party. Julia handed it to her husband, and asked if he would write an apology. "Why not go?" he said, inquiringly. "My black dress is a sufficient excuse, if I needed one," she replied, with a tear, "but I do not; Mrs. Everett

will not expect me." "Well, I will look in a little while, perhaps," said William, "and I can explain." The evening came, and, saying he would return early as she did not accompany him, William Russell left his wife to a solitary evening. While she sat plying her needle, her thoughts wandered to her youthful home, her doting father, her affectionate sisters; and while she paid a new tribute of grief to the memory of the beloved mother so lately taken, she felt that that home, even now, in its bereaved hour, possessed the elements of a quiet comfort, of which her own was destitute. The needle became a dangerous companion, and she took up a book, but it failed to rivet her attention. She looked at her watch, it was past eleven, and she became uneasy and apprehensive. Twelve, one, and two, followed slowly, and she walked the floor to still the feverish beating of her heart. "He would not be so late at the Everett's, something has happened, what, oh, what can it be?" At length came three o'clock, and with it came the footstep it was always joy to hear. But it was not like his, it was so heavy, so uncertain. She paused a moment, in dreadful doubt, and then sprang to meet him. He staggered past her, and flung himself into a chair. She followed him, and clasping his arm wildly, almost shrieked, "Tell me, William Russell, tell me, husband, what is the matter?" "Leave me, woman," he cried, in a voice of thunder, with a brow black as the midnight sky, "is n't there enough the matter without being tormented with your foolish questions?" and flinging off his coat, he gained the bed, and throwing himself down, was soon in a stupified slumber, unconscious that the tears of his wife were pouring on his face like rain. Well was it for Julia Russell that she had obeyed the wise man's injunction, to "Remember

her Creator in the days of her youth," else where could her crushed and broken heart, cast off by its dearest earthly refuge, have made its appeal? Well was it for her, in this hour of abandonment, by him she had so loved and trusted, that she could still stay herself on "the everlasting arm." In prayer and tears poor Julia passed that night, and when the morning dawned, and her wretched husband returned to consciousness, the swollen eye and the pale cheek awoke his tenderness and his remorse. In deep humility he acknowledged all his fatal indulgences, and promised, ah! the spider's thread on which that promise hung,—to give up all, if his injured wife would restore him her confidence and love. And she! did she turn scornfully away, with the assurance that she could not link herself to degradation? Ah, no! for the degraded was precious, even as her own soul. In broken tones she prayed him to remember his weakness, that he might gather strength to resist the enticing cup; begged him to settle his affairs, that they might no longer urge him to temptation—that if a crust alone was left, she would eat it cheerfully with him, and toil with all her powers for their support, so that he would be again her blessed William Russell.

Years have passed since then, and Mr. Russell, so influenced, so guarded, never became a confirmed inebriate, yet a moral strength is wanting to break forever the fatal snare; and could you see Julia Cunningham now, my fair young reader, her finely rounded form so thin and wasted, her brilliant eyes shaded with unceasing anxiety, her step tremulous with sad foreboding when absence is too lengthened, you would shrink, with dread, when you behold the beloved of your heart lift to his lips *a single glass of wine.*

A RAINBOW AT SEA.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

THE clouds in scattered masses roll awny
From heaven's clear azure; the declining ray
Streams o'er the billows through the dropping shower
Far o'er the eastern verge, where sun and sky
Blending harmonious colors softly lie,
I see a rainbow! Wasted by the power
Of an unseen and newly-wakened gale—
Our vessel speeds in majesty along
The free, bright waters that around her throng,
And toward that brilliant bow she seems to sail!
Beautiful vision! to outwing our flight
Yon bird might strive in vain—still would'st thou fade,
And, like the splendor of Ambition's light,
Long ere we reached thee, vanish into shade!



A PICTURE OF LIFE NOT WITHOUT A CLOUD.

BY MRS. HORTON.

A FACE like a lily-leaf, as pale, as pure, was pressed against the window of a farm-house in a Western village; and an eye, bright only with the reflected light of the cheerfulness within, gazed with intensity upon the household scene. While the eye gazed, a tear spread over the dark pupil, like a mist, and two hands were clasped upon the young girl's breast, as if a prayer had been accepted.

The moonbeams lay upon the earth, like the light of a dream. The air bore on its clear, cold breath no sound but the gentle one of falling leaves. The calm stole sweetly over one sorrowing soul. The heavens gave a reality to hope. The air kissed soothingly the brow, transparent with the wearing of melancholy thoughts. The moon, as if it were the eye of Deity, looked gently down upon the wanderer, in pity of her sin; and there was no cloud to pass across its look of mercy. The dark web, woven of guilty joy and guilty love, was brushed, as with an angel's wing, from her repentant heart, and showed the pure impressions of her early years, still cherished, and still warm beneath. Faith became a guest in the absence of that evil which had been cast out; and while at that lonely hour she drank the healing cup it offered her, the shadows of the moon grew fainter and more faint; the verdurous

branches bent towards her like spiritual arms; the music of the air, unheard by mortal ears, began to steal upon her quickened sense.

Her head sank down upon a pillow of yellow leaves, clustered at the foot of the tree whither she had gone for rest; and when the morning broke, a babe was found at the farmer's door, and farther on, the body of a beautiful girl, upon whose lips lay the smile of a pardoned one, as a signal of the peaceful death she died.

Many would have cried out in horror, many in righteous indignation at the scene. But after the first emotions of surprise had passed, the mother of that Christian family looked with tears of pity upon the cold remains of the unfortunate, who had ended her sad life upon her threshold, while she slept in peace; and turned with yearning tenderness to the sweet innocent so awfully bereaved. Hers was no spirit bowed by the world's view of crime, so often unjust; so often harsher than heaven's condemnation. It was fresh as nature, by which it had been nurtured; as boundless in charity as the words of that meek and lowly One whom she followed. Oh! that in the high places of the earth, there might be more of such nobility. There was no diadem of jewels on her brow, betokening earthly royalty; but there was a crown laid up for her in heaven, which it should wear

when she put off that worn and humble frame. To a stranger's eye, the wife of Daniel Gilman was a woman who, in this life of toil, had done her part so faithfully and long, that it had left its mark upon her; and she would pass across its visions only as one of that great multitude, who taste the sweetest sleep bought by labor wearisome and unremitting. But that eye had rested on an "angel unawares." An angel of mercy to the hopeless and the sick—an angel of gladness by her happy hearth.

Heaven surely led the erring mother to that humble door. Heaven found a refuge for the child of her longing—almost despairing love. That mother's beautiful remains were laid out decently upon the farmer's bed, and that innocent babe was caressed with tears, by the kind woman whose heart was melting charity.

The husband looked on thoughtfully, while the child smiled and crowded in its new friend's arms; wondering what should be its farther destiny. The wife had framed it, with God's blessing, and only waited for a look or word of sympathy, to declare her resolution to make it one in heart with their own Susan. And while her husband read aloud the note found on the babe, her purpose strengthened in tears of sympathy.

"I am guilty before man, but God has not forsaken me. My child—oh! *she* is innocent. No stain is upon her soul; no thought-sin upon her unwritten mind. Her mother's unhallowed dreams have not poisoned that innocence, which waters as dew the seed planted by virtuous hands in the fresh soil of youth. Oh! let her not be cast off from man's mercy for her mother's fall! From morn till night, since *his* desertion I have pleaded that the gate of heaven might open for myself and her. I know by the fainting of life's pulses within, that I shall enter soon. But by the signs of mortal beauty on my child's face, I feel that its tiny feet will walk the earth, while its mother, through great mercy, treads the undeviating way of heaven.

"Have mercy, then, upon the dear one I leave behind for a worse than orphan pilgrimage! Let the bended knee be her most familiar posture! teach her to abhor a step into the broad road of vice, as worse than ten thousand journeys through the dark valley filled with the shadows of death! let her early know her mother's crime, and use the mightiest words of truth to show how much she suffereded for it, that her heart may never be withered by the bitter fruits of unsanctified wishes.

"My child! my child! oh that it had been God's will for you to have lain upon my bosom under the sheltering earth, keeping that beauty from the tempter's eye, and making it a nourisher, through decay, of flowers which turn men's hearts to purity. The grave, the grave! What a quiet place to lie

down together in. Those sweet eyes to shed no drop of sorrow, those dear lips to utter no sound of woe, those pure hands to clasp no knee in useless supplication for justice and honest love. Alas! she must be left behind, while I melt into the unseen element of the celestial world.

"I have wandered far to find a cottage with a Bible for its lamp, that when my weary spirit should catch its ray, I might leave my child for it to rest upon—and die. You who read this note will be a follower of the lowly and the meek. Will you not show mercy as your Saviour did, and cherish my bereaved one? Receive her, and your sentence at the mercy-seat above shall be an eternity of joy!

"Her father—I leave him with his God. I would that he could feel before he is as nigh the grave as I, the value of the love he cast from him as a dimmed jewel, and repent the evil in season for a 'wedding garment' which will admit him to the feast of heaven.

"My home is far from here. No parents grieve for my deep sin, for the spirits of 'the just made perfect' know no sorrow. I was an only child, for which I am most grateful, as no proud brother or sweet sister will feel the shame of my downfall. My friends have turned from me, all, all! No one will seek the offspring of my guilt, and I would have it so. I would not have her pointed at with scorn by those who knew her mother; therefore have I wandered here. Cherish her, so cruelly bereaved, and I will plead continually in God's ear for blessings on your household and worldly store. Watch over her on earth as I shall watch from heaven. Let her be called Gertrude Linn—a dying mother's blessing be upon you, if she be accepted in your home and hearts!"

The stranger had evidently been of a higher circle than the Gilmans had ever known. She had been well educated and refined. And more than all, had received the blessed hope which had proved her faith and penitence.

Mrs. Gilman broke the silence which followed the reading of this earnest appeal, by an expression of her sympathy calculated to move the heart of her husband to consent to her generous plan.

"I'm sure Dan, it's dreadful, that the poor thing, so innocent and so beautiful should be cast off by us, when the penitent creature who pleads so for us to keep her from sin, is probably looking down from the skies now, as she said she should, to see if we take her in or not. I for one," and she raised her eyes humbly as if the heavenly watcher saw her interest and her tears, "I for one see no harm in giving the little stranger a claim at our table, and a seat by our warm hearth. (Blessing on the good woman's heart, it *was* a warm hearth.) Only think, dear Dan, (that *dear!*) if Susan ever should be led into such a dark way,

and should leave us, and give her child to strangers, as the poor creature that's gone has given us her's, would n't we think it a mercy to have it taken in?" and the fond mother burst into hysterical sobs at the picture she had conjured up as if she had really seen the darling of her heart a weary wanderer from her sunny home, ending her sorrows near a stranger's porch!

"We have only one, you know, dear Dan, (that dear again! what an accent she gave it.) And it will not cost much for clothes, as Susan's can be taken for the little one until she is able to support herself."

Daniel Gilman was a christian-hearted man, but very strict in his views of moral and worldly laws. The legacy touched both principles. The latter muttered sermons of reproach against the guilty being who had forgotten virtue and holy bonds. The former preached the sentiment of Christ—"Let him who is free from sin cast the first stone,"—so one by one the evil whisperers went out from his heart, and left the writing of heaven there—of mercy to the penitent!

Besides, the arguments of his wife were all-powerful, coming as they did from one upon whom would fall all the care of tender infancy. His brow cleared by degrees. The wife watched with her quick, bright eye the workings of her husband's mind, and with a woman's instinct brightened more and more the flashes of light that came with faith and went with doubt, until the whole countenance of the simple but good-hearted farmer glowed with the determined purpose of calling the friendless one his own, and cherishing it faithfully as such.

At the sight of this expression the good Mrs. Gilman was in a state of tearful delight. She blessed her husband for his humanity, she gave hurried orders to the willing Susan, and mingling praises of her "good man," with admiration of the baby's beauty, she made the little guest as comfortable as a kind woman could.

The blessing which was promised fell upon the family, in rich harvests and wealth of lovingness. The beautiful girl grew up with all the charms of her young mother, the eye, the graceful form, the clear complexion. But as yet no serpent's eye had fallen upon her to fascinate and destroy. She lived a calm, glad life, morning and evening listening devoutly to the blessed word which is a safeguard to the stumbling of mortal feet. Incessant was the counsel to the two young creatures entering the fair-seeming world, to wall their hearts about with virtue, leaving no unprotected spot for the enemy to enter, for death would come of it.

And the counsel was well obeyed. For all knew why the earnest teaching was impressed; even the innocent adopted one. Yet while she was so cherished, she could not feel the shame

which was her mantle at her birth, and which, but for the kind hearts that had so gently changed it for a warmer covering, might to the grave have been a mark for the world's scorn. She lived in a dwelling, whose atmosphere within and whose canopy without were of the same heavenly elements. No wonder it was a pleasant place for the villagers to visit. No wonder that they loved sweet Getty Linn, and forgot her history—all but one.

The village of Ashville, as I have said, was situated in the Far-west. Art had done but little for it, to which neglect it owed its beauty. No wide, straight street, lined with gay stores and a multitude of signs, made up the principal feature of the place, as is the usual boast of country villages, anxious for business reputation. No glaring edifices of bright, red brick, outraged the softness of nature's coloring. It was as if a grove had been sprinkled with white cottages, with no orderly design, but with the most picturesque effect.

At a distance there could be only seen gleamings of white, amid green trees and vines, but on a closer view, winding avenues were discovered, shaded by foliage of an age's growth, arching over head like a waving canopy. No axe was permitted to do its deadly work upon these well-prized ornaments, and so each dwelling had for itself a grove, and was almost buried in the luxuriance of leaves. The shops themselves were isolated in their green retreats, and modesty waited to be sought out, rather than make those bold advances, which pretend, with glaring notices, to be attended by most important and cheap results to the feminine population. In truth, it was a pattern village. I wish there were more such.

The beauty and sweet simplicity of the place had attracted an eye ever open to such scenes. Hermann Russe was a German of high birth, and great fortune, who had been brought up in the church of Rome, by parents devoted to the papal interest. Ardent and noble-minded, he had been loved deeply by his relatives and friends, until disgust concerning their cherished views, broke out in honest expressions and written condemnation.

His mother had been dead some years when he avowed his heresy, and his father, on the borders of the grave, with a mind weakened to childishness by disease, could not feel his son's apostasy. But his so-called friends looked coldly on him for his change, and spoke of him as one who had forsworn his "Father-land," and shown himself forgetful of his early vows.

This he could not brook, and upon his father's death, he resolved to leave the scenes darkened by the shadow that had come upon his warm affections. With an only sister, the sole remaining member of his family, he turned his back upon his native shores, and sought, in the west of free

America, a home where he might preach Jesus as the only mediator between God and man. He nobly dedicated himself to unremitting labor, and a life which should be as an example. He found the sweet, secluded village of Ashville, and delighted with its natural loveliness, he determined to make it his home; travelling thence to different villages, and doing the work of a missionary among the people. He purchased the most beautiful site in the place, and built upon it a dwelling, surpassing all others in quiet elegance, but neither showy nor looking down, as it were, upon its neighbors. It was furnished in a style suited to his refinement, and his sister's former habits.

This sister, alas! possessed but little of her brother's holy spirit. The only beauty of her character was her worship of that brother, for whom she had left all the familiar places of her youth. Strange that a heart, moved by such devotion, could be so cold, so proud to everything beside. Therese was ambitious, although for her brother's sake, she had cast behind her all chance of a noble marriage. She was proud, even as those bright ones who fell from high places in heavenly courts, and cold in her greetings to those among whom she now dwelt, as if communion with them were a thing she must sometimes bear, although distasteful to her. It was not the pride of a noble nature that made her brow so lofty, but the pride which would bend to crowned heads, for the sake of their state, not their virtues.

Such was the only one that looked not on Getty Linn with the universal sentiment of love. Such was the one, who saw not in her beauty and innocence, a crown worth all the diadems of earth. Such the only one who had no smile for the lowly but spiritual girl, who reigned as queen supreme in all the hearts of Ashville. In her cottage-hat, and simple dress, the beautiful orphan was too humble a creature to gain even a passing notice from the haughty foreigner; and so she passed her by as if *she* were mistress of nature's handiwork around her, and Getty a worm of earth, worthy to be spurned, if in her way.

Yet Getty was a treasure! She had a little room in her mother's house, around which hung the tasty patterns, pink, white and blue, from which the happy possessor of a new dress might choose the style in which she would have it made. There were little blocks, too, on which rested jauntily, tempting caps. Some with the modest look suitable for the sprinkled hair; others with the dignity of flowers and lace, for the proud young mother with her first born. And in a corner by themselves, thrown carelessly on jutting points, or hung upon the glass into which they seemed to peep, were saucy-looking caps, for bright young eyes to play the rogue beneath, with bows of ribbon, of that gossamer kind, which

seems fresh from fairy looms, and fashioned for "effect," by fingers that might have helped the fairies in their cunning toil. Oh, they were dainty little things, those caps, and waved with every breath of air, as if all conscious of the frolic they should crown. The fingers of the gentle sempstress had to ply their labor with unceasing zeal, for no one but dear Getty Linn could make the party or the wedding dress. Was she not a treasure, then, to the village maidens in their need, and did they love her less because she saved her parents the burden of her support? Oh, no! The belle and queen of Ashville was the innocent and lovely one, who, with a song upon her lip, and the light of a happy spirit in her eye, sat daily down to her task of skill, made pleasant by the chat of friends, who loved the brightness of that cheerful room.

And now, dear reader, let me open to you the secret chambers of that sunny heart. As a literary clairvoyant, I have lain my ear close to the cells wherein young thoughts are dwelling, that I might catch the echo of those angel footsteps, which, from the courts of Heaven, come down to tread the inner temple of pure, loving souls. I will tell you what I saw of Getty's inward treasures, as she sat at work in her humble home. I wrote it then upon my memory.

A holy place is this to visit! There are bright jewels of love and innocence clustering around the perspective picture of a useful life. Here bloom green memories of every lovely thing the eye has taken in, or the ear drunken—beautiful impressions of friend's graces—albums of kind words. A grave is here, upon which sweet Hope has strewn immortal flowers.

But ah me! What's this? An arrow! tipped with a beam from Love's own bow of gladness, which has mingled with the life-blood, and changed the shade of its warm current. Ah, Cupid won the eye! and quickly upon the magnetic wires, by which it telegraphs the outer to the inner world, sped the invisible dart to its deep goal. This arrow shows why one cherished image occupies this quiet nook so near the incense and the sanctuary, as if the worship of her God alone kept Getty Linn from shrining a divinity of earth in her "heart of hearts!" Heavenly hopes burn with a clear, pure flame, upon the iustum altar; and on the other, human hopes cluster, a sinless, lovely company. The holier will never fade—the mortal may change within an hour. Oh, may the waters of grief never flow over the graves of buried joys in this young heart!

Capable of a great reverence for the mighty truths of life and death, Getty had, beside, a fountain of passionate feeling, which needed but to be moved by a generous love, to flow for one beloved one forever. It had been so moved; and

perhaps the love of woman never approached so near idolatry as Getty's did, when poverty and birth were forgotten by wealth and rank.

Gertrude Linn, the sempstress, was beloved by the brother of the proud, the unfeeling Therese. She loved him fervently in return; and though the secret of their hearts was kept for their own fond communion, so as to excite no angry opposition on the sister's part; yet her jealous eye saw the carriage of the young pastor stop often at the orphan's home, and, dreading the effects of her gentle beauty upon Hermann's mind, Therese resolved to try all power and art, even if it might be of evil, to break the charm which seemed spread around the beautiful girl. He, the nobly born and bred, to wed with the poor sempstress of a little village in the western wilds! She, Therese, long the mistress of her brother's home, to give up all to such a bride! To be second to a being who had earned her bread by the labor of her hands, however delicate they might be! She could not, would not have it so. And she gave herself a work to be speedily accomplished, without regard to the gentle heart-strings she might break in her success.

Her first step was to relate, as if with no design, the unfortunate circumstances connected with Getty's birth; endeavoring to strike an answering chord of pride in her brother's breast, by painting, with sarcastic and pointed words, the husband's joy, who should take a homeless and abandoned one to his virtuous home and friends. She exerted all her power of poisoning wit and ridicule in this attempt to shame her brother from his suspected purpose. But she failed. Hermann knew Gertrude's history; but she had become to him the "golden bowl," and "silver cord" of life. What then cared he for wealth, or rank? she was riches and honor to him in her loveliness and purity—he asked no other.

Therese felt that her bitter words had fallen upon her brother's ear without effect, and she now turned to Gertrude Linn, that she might play the tempter to her guileless heart. Like the serpent of holy story, she entered the paradise of peace, of love, to tempt to deeds and thoughts of sin.

She condescended first to gain her confidence, and then she whispered poison in her ear, and used her brother's name to deepen it. She touched that quickly-awakened sentiment of woman's heart—vanity, telling her of her beauty, and how Hermann loved it when most adorned. He was not like that most unreasonable man, who once declared, that beauty unadorned was loveliest, but he would see it richly decked, not with gaudiness, but with the costly skill he had been accustomed to in his native land.

Getty breathed one sigh as she thought of her scanty wardrobe, and felt how little her lover's taste could be gratified by her own simple dress of white,

and no jewel but one of nature's—a rose-bud, fragrant and fresh. All that her willing hands could earn, was given, with a noble pride, to aid in the family's support, and help her sister Susan in her preparation for a happy day. Could she take aught from such a holy purpose that she might gain a fonder look of admiration from eyes whose light was life to her? The tempter, the sister of her own beloved, whispered "Yes." The voices of her pure heart breathed "No." And the voices of her heart, listened to from childhood's earliest years, and never found to lead to wrong, were not hushed now. And she wore still the simple robe, with the rose-bud in the bosom, and tried to keep back all rising thoughts of what might be the language of some dear eyes, if she were decked as those he so much admired at home.

The white robe and rose-gem still made the simple dress of the village girl. They were beautiful tokens of her heart's firmness in gratitude and duty. The eye of the lover grew more fond, the sister's darker with evil design. Foiled in her purpose of moving Getty's vanity, she tested her pride. She told of her brother's station in their native land, spoke of his parents' pride in their only son, and hoped that he would make a suitable alliance when he should wed. It was their last wish that he should marry one who was the child of a dear friend, one elegant and refined, and wealthy withal, who would fill the place of Hermann's wife with a right noble dignity. Their parents' wish she felt to be a sacred thing now that they had passed away, and she still cherished their fond plan of uniting her gifted brother to one in his father-land, who would be a "mate" indeed, in fortune and rank.

Oh, this was crushing indeed to the heart of her, who had no name, nor gold. It brought back all the memory buried in her dead mother's grave. It painted the great height above her on which her lover stood, with new distinctness, and gave herself a lowness she had not felt before.

How scalding were the tears shed in that little chamber after the tempter's words had fallen upon her soul. What should she do? Cast off her earthly hope, flee from a union so unequal, refuse to be the wife of one so great in virtue, so precious to her heart, give back the pledge so tenderly, so warmly offered? Oh, no! She could not so suddenly cast a midnight gloom over her bright life. She could not wound a love she felt to be all hers, by resolving never to give it cause for shame, by being bestowed upon one so dowerless. Yet what should she do? The sweet spirit of peace had been dethroned by the tempter's words, and in its place sat doubt, with its shadow and its form.

She passed a sleepless night after the conversation with Therese, and when the day dawned, walked out in the quiet grove, to cool her brow in

the morning air. Attracted, as it were, by loving sympathy, Hermann had, at that early hour, turned his steps toward the humble dwelling his Gertrude made so beautiful, and was surprised to meet her wandering alone, and with a look of tearfulness on her sweet face. He wondered, sorrowfully, at the strong emotion her countenance betrayed, and touched by his anxiety, Gertrude told him with earnest and proud truth, of all her fears and conflict.

A shadow, the first Gertrude had ever seen upon that brow, passed over Hermann's speaking face, and bitter words would have fallen from his lips, if the Christian spirit had not been too powerful for the temptation. For a moment he was silent, checking the flow of feeling which, if uncontrolled, might flood his better nature—and then he spoke.

He begged her to give him at once the right to soothe and comfort her; a right to show the world with joy what a jewel he had taken to his bosom, the right to call her his, acknowledging the rich gift which Heaven had vouchsafed him. He knew whence came the whispers that had touched the sensitive spirit of his loved one, respecting the mystery of her birth, and he longed to cast forever from his sister's heart the hope of separating them. He begged so earnestly that Gertrude would be his without delay, that she, half sick with tears and distressing thoughts, at last consented. He soothed so gently, and talked so hopefully of the joy which now awaited them, that the rose-shades came back one by one to her pale cheek, until it was glowing when it turned bashfully from the ardent gaze bent on it.

And they were married. In one short week from that morning's interview, the church doors opened to the bridal company; and oh, how many prayers went up from loving hearts for the sweet bride, so beautiful, so pure: from all hearts but one!

And then the gathering at the elegant home of the young, proud husband; oh, he was proud! but it was a pride that angels smiled upon—a pride a Christian may be allowed to feel, when he has wooed one of the lovely and the good, to be his through all life's sunshine and cloud. Oh, what a happy time for all but the haughty Therese, was that bridal in Ashville. The lowly and high were there, to see their Getty looking like a queen in her new state.

Good mother Gilman was there, with tears in her eyes and broad smiles around her mouth, holding respectful but earnest converse with her new son-in-law respecting the precious gift he had that day received. And there was the rough, kind farmer, almost amazed at the end of things, yet with a happy, if a puzzled look, receiving the heartfelt greetings of those who wished him joy of his orphan's happiness.

The benevolent pastor who used his wealth so nobly, was beloved by all the country round, for the healing he had brought to body and soul; and at his wedding they all, by some simple offering, expressed their love and wishes for his continued joy. These humble gifts brought a fresh happiness to Hermann's heart, and called a tear to the young wife's eye. They were the unbought testimony of honest hearts to his great worth and faithfulness. More touching to such as those to whom they were presented, than costly plate, or cunning jewelry.

Sweet Getty bore her honors as if she had been born to them, and after the wedding festivals, moved among her former mates, all unconscious that in the world's eye, the living gold of her rich heart had been refined, and perfume added to the flowering graces of her youth. The loving glance rested with more brightness, if it may be, on her humble friends, and the grasp of her hand was tighter than before, as if the fountain of her love for humankind had flooded her whole heart. She loved to visit the little room where she had dreamed what had now become a dear reality, and where her village friends had sat with her to chat and frolic while she worked. Her sister Susan was not forgotten in her brightening fortunes. She had received a handsome dowry, which was a gift from Hermann to herself, upon their wedding-day, but which, with his consent, she made over to the sharer of her infant sports. Another wedding was the consequence; for Susan had been only waiting, with a woman's pride, for a suitable trousseau, to give her merchant-lover her "warm right hand."

There was one shadow on Gertrude's home. Therese bore herself towards her brother's wife as if she could not forget how low that brother had stooped to lift her to his side. And happy as Getty was in her husband's love, she could not revel in the sunshine while this cloud was on her joy. She sought to win her sister's love—she would have sacrificed her tastes, her pleasures, if she could have gained a smile of gratitude from the cold, forbidding girl. But the stern, hard heart would neither bend nor melt before the gentle fascinations of the youthful wife, and months passed on without a change.

At length, a fever of dreadful malignity broke out in the country, round about the village, and at last reached that beautiful, secluded spot. Several speedily fell victims to the dread disease, and the young pastor, anxious for his newly-acquired treasure, resolved to place her in some safe place until the destroyer had passed on.

Preparations were going on for a removal, when Therese was struck down with the well-known symptoms. No hand could be found ready to smooth the pillow of the proud, unloved one, one

who so despised the lowly and the poor. No nurse, for gold, would watch beside the bedside of her, though a sufferer, who had spoken scornfully of Ashville's pride—the innocent Getty Linn. But she, the scorned, now pleaded with her husband for the office. She spoke of her Christian duty, and their bitter remorse if Therese should perish for want of the kind attentions of a familiar hand. She pleaded long, but it was with agony Hermann at last yielded to her strong reasons.

Night after night, day after day, the patient watcher sat by the bedside of the being who had endeavored so deeply to injure her. No ray of reason was in that wandering eye, and long the watcher waited for a glance that should have meaning in it. At last it came, and with it life, and knowledge that she owed all of her escape from death to Getty's care, to Getty's self-devotion. And then came the truth, that the blooming cheek of the young watcher had become pale and wan by her sick pillow, and then, alas! 't was found, that through those transparent veins coursed the poisonous disease.

Therese was out of danger, but she would now have lingered again through all that she had suffered, and then have ended her unprofitable life, if she could have saved her generous, her innocent nurse from the consequences of her own fidelity. Her brother's agony—though he sought to calm it by the aid of Christian faith—could not be concealed from her watching eyes, and that proud girl prayed, that the life she now felt to be so precious, might be spared, that she might show her gratitude by devotion to Gertrude's happiness.

How solemn was the scene over which death seemed so long to hover! All the village was in grievous suspense and anxiety for the young wife, who had been their pet from childhood. In the sick chamber there was darkness, and the silent suffering of waiting hearts. The dearest, the sweetest, the best of his earthly treasures lay before Hermann's eyes, unconscious of his agony and love. The once answering eyes wandered from his bending face; the slight hand threw back the one it was used to clasp so lovingly; the voice, ever so eloquent with the warm utterance of her heart, now had, for its sole burden, the sad story of her birth, and the censure it had brought upon her from Therese. And Therese, brought to her sister's bedside by her own desire, that she might see her once more alive, she listened with aching senses to the wild bursts of pleading which Gertrude passionately sent forth to the cruel The-

rese—pleading that she might be forgiven for loving one so high above her as Hermann.

The penitent and sorrowing girl was carried back to her own bed, with those plaintive tones echoing to her soul, and not until the hope was given that Gertrude might be spared, did the cloud of anguish pass from her brow.

Then joy came with the hope, joy to all, now, in Ashville. There was no heart now cold, when the welcome light of reason came to those clear eyes, when the hand held Hermann's lovingly, when the smile returned to those beautiful lips. Quiet and care restored her, and though many in the village mourned dear friends, there was a ray of gladness on every face when Gertrude went out for the first time after her long confinement to the sick room.

Therese was by her side, pale, but more lovely in the beauty of a chastened spirit, than when in all her pride she had looked down upon the being so justly beloved. The husband blessed the guardian hand that had preserved his treasure from an early grave, and rejoiced, with fervent gratitude, at the dear union of his sister and his wife. He went about his Master's business with a greater zeal, if may be, and a more glowing love for all God's children, whom he lived to serve.

Gertrude's happiness, henceforth, was unclouded by the shadow which had lain upon it from her sister's presence. She shared with Hermann Therese's heart, and the gentle nature of the orphan girl was not more worshipped by the lover of her youth, than by the haughty woman who had once sought, so demon-like, to poison it.

In this humble sketch have we not the personification of the virtues, with the dark figure of the tempter who leads young hearts astray? The dying penitent, with the glimpse of heaven upon her cold bed of earth, trusting and rejoicing in mercy which would blot out crime, did she not represent bright FAITH? The humble woman who accepted the strange legacy left at her door, and treasured it with such forgetfulness of the mother's fall—CHARITY, which casteth out reproach and forgiveth all things. The young pastor—HOLINESS—with its feet so beautiful upon the mountain tops, the bearer of glad tidings to the lowly and benighted. Therese—the dark spirit of evil, which brings out vanity and pride in the hearts of men until they destroy; and sweet Gertrude—INNOCENCE. Shall not innocence rejoice and prosper, and shall it not overcome evil by good?

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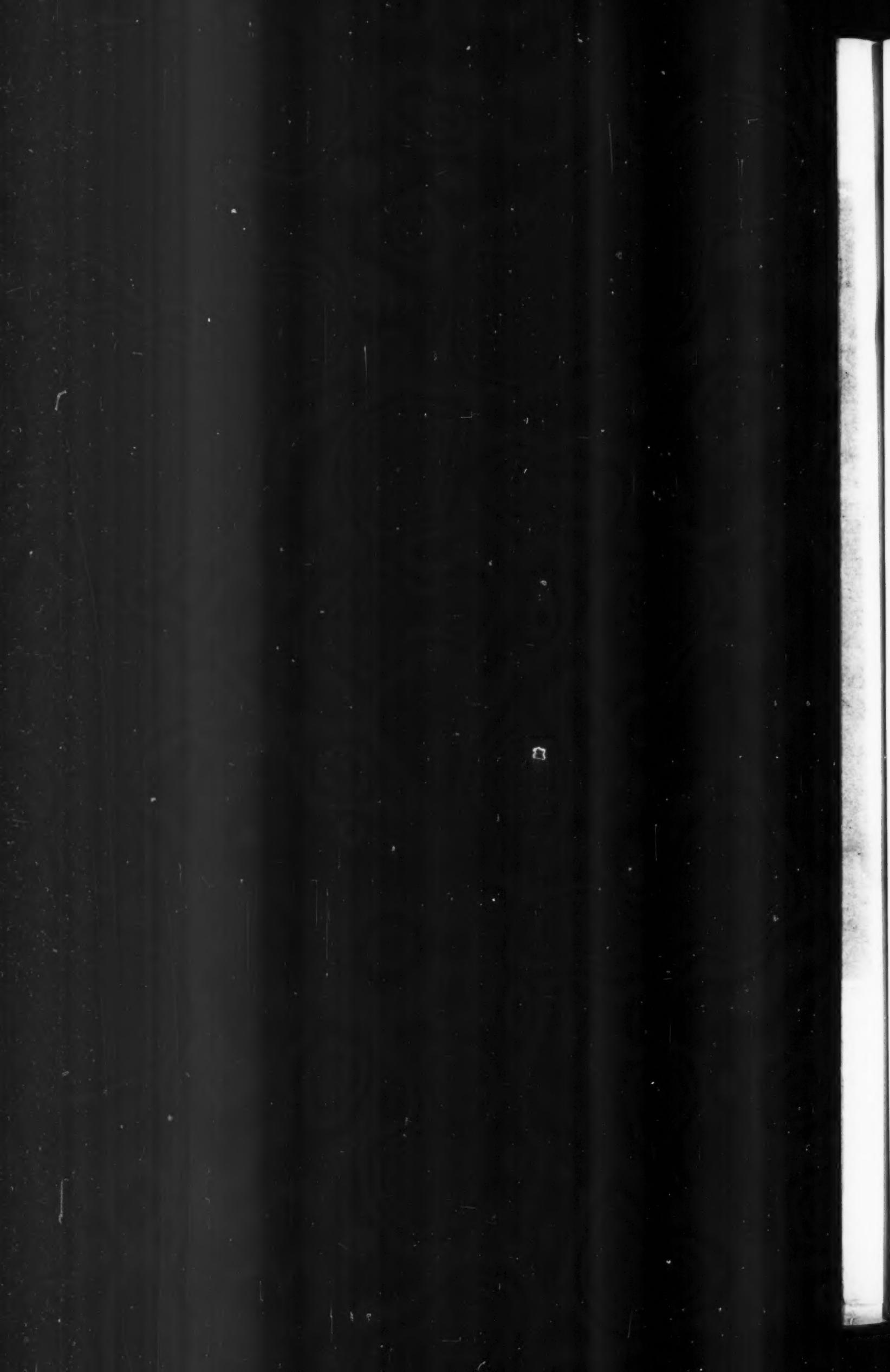
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engraved by C. D. Maude





“MY CHILD—GIVE ME BUT MY CHILD.”

(See the Engraving.)

BY THE EDITOR.

A WHOLE drama in one scene. The excited look and attitude of the husband, the abject wretchedness of the wife, the whole scene shows that passion—that blind guide! has usurped the place of wisdom, which dwells only with peace. We can trace the entire story, from beginning to end.

ACT I. Clara, young, ungoverned, romantic, well-read in novels and in nothing else, marries not only without her parents' consent, but contrary to their express prohibition; never reflecting that their judgment, being cooler, may be more just; that their extreme kindness and indulgence should be a pledge for the value of their objections; and that at least this kindness and indulgence merit some sacrifice on her part. Even the delay of two years urged by the parents, is considered too much to ask, and Clara flies her home and forgets all, pleading the depth of her affection for a three months' acquaintance.

ACT II. After some sad scenes of reproach and displeasure, Clara and her husband are re-instated in the parental favor, and forget their fault. The father, with a wiser judgment, would have appointed for them a season of probation, that they might learn, at least from the inevitable consequences of their hasty undutifulness, a lesson for good. But the mother, with the same want of firmness which had made her so poor a guide for her wayward daughter before marriage, rests not a moment until she has *worried* her husband out of his wise resolve, and persists until the young people are made perfectly comfortable, so that all chance for the wholesome teaching of the course of time is lost, and the opportunity for serious reflection thrown away.

ACT III. The still unwise mother—alas! that there should be so many such, after the sad warnings of all past time—considers herself entitled to much interference with Clara and her husband, their mode of life, the care of their child, and

whatever seems to her to concern the happiness of her darling. This becomes more and more odious to the husband, whose character is by no means one of self-control and high principle. Clara, already aware that her adored is far from being the faultless hero of romance which her ungoverned fancy had pictured, and that a very handsome face and good-humored manner may cover up a fierce temper, sides with her mother; and discord embitters the home where love was to be the sole presiding deity.

ACT IV. Still untaught, the now unhappy pair, instead of being aroused to discover a remedy for the ills already poisoning their peace, fly to pleasure for relief. The fireside is forsaken, home duties are deserted, gay companions become essential, and late hours and irregular habits increase the irritability of both. Gaming attracts the husband, for it absorbs his whole thought and leaves no space for the bitterness of memory. The wife tries the dangerous path of coquetry, and it leads to

ACT V. The utter alienation of the husband; who, forgetting his own share in this tissue of wrong-doing, conceives himself to be only virtuously indignant, at the reprehensible conduct of her who began by giving up for him all that she ought to have held sacred. Words that can be spoken but once pass between them, and he spurns her from his home and heart, while the one drop of pure, womanly feeling still left, prompts her to the agonizing cry—“My child! give me but my child!” Then follows a far worse catastrophe than the death of either or both the guilty parties, one of those *suits at law*, with which the public ear is so often made to tingle. Might our picture but perform the blessed work of warning one human soul against such a fearful throwing away of happiness!



THE MANDRAKE:

OR, ALICE'S BRIDAL.

"Who is it that goes to the wood?
A woman so wrinkled and old."

Thalaba.

THE moon is up, the moon is high,
The moon shines far and wide;
On stately, castled crag she shines,
On vale and river-side.

She looks on gate and battlement,
Through traceried window tall;
Through latticed cottage casement peers,
And ivy on the wall.

She sees how on her marble tomb,
A marble Constance sleeps;
How o'er it hangs her fickle lord,
And vainly, lonely weeps.

Alike on little, slumbering Blanche
The careless beauty smiles,
And Alice' restless pallet, tossed
'Neath visioned snares and wiles.

Upon the cold, regardless main
Her sportive gold she throws,
And marks with silvery pencil where
The stealing streamlet goes.

Now and anon, some drowsy stars
Their twinkling lids unclose;
Her on her watch-tower still they view,
And draw again their curtains blue,
And turn them to repose.

The kine upon the dewy turf,
Or ruminant or rest;
The lamb his nodding, drooping head,
Leans on his mother's crest.

The cricket, harmless reveller,³
His flower-cups quaffs, and sings
Till with his chiming fairy-bells
The meadow softly rings.

The air is still, as when of yore
Night held her breath to hear,
Till angels should their Prince's birth
Make joyously appear.

And gaily looks the moon on all—
Does she see yon cloud go forth,
And rush for her high and queenly throne
From his ambush in the north?

He runs like a spider on his prey,
And in the envious fold
Of his murky web, her struggling head
Is helplessly enrolled!

He has rent from the sky to the ground the oak!
He sits on its splintered top!
And the forest shakes, with his hideous roar
In darkness swallowed up!

'T is the night, of nights most dread,
That gave Jesu to the dead!
Aught of evil now has power,
Elspeth knows her place and hour!

She squats on the ground,
Her cloud hangs above;
The wood walls her round,
Dim shapes round her move!

The will-o'-the-wisp, with a gossamer net
O'er his shivering wings, they have caught,
And ruthlessly out of his fenny haunts,
For his elvish lantern, brought—
Shaped, of phosphorus, like to a wayfarer's skull,
That he lured to a smothering pit,
With his wide, round eyes, on the work in hand
He shinkingly stares, and the uncouth band!

The trees of the forest, they shudder and shrink!
At each bellow of thunder, big drops black as ink
Plash down from their sweating and smoking rind;
Blindly crashes among them the terrified wind!

With a quick, confused cry,
Through the groves their tenants fly,
Mew and bark, and caw and croak,
From sod profaned and shattered oak!—
On, beneath, within!
What should withered Elspeth care?
Seasoned she to sounds of fear!
Gone wind, reptile, beast and bird;
And the witch's dull tones alone are heard,
More dreadful than the din!

Although her hollow tones are heard,
The ear can catch no wonted word;
She murmurs heavy, low and still,
An evil sound to purpose ill;
The self-same language Eve beguiled
And hapless Alice' heart defiled!

While her snake-bone beads she plies,
Grovelling, low, and crouched she lies;
Blithe, and proud, and nothing daunted,
Up she springs, her prayer is granted!
With her spindle pierced, the earth
Spews the deadly mandrake forth.
With her spindle, round it she⁴
Draweth lessening circles three.
As duly to pluck it, she turns from the east,
The rallying wind faintly pants from the west⁵

Shrill, she shrieks with mocking rage,
“Satan! Satan! keep thy pledge!
If thy pranks my schemes defeat,
Turned a saint thine own I cheat!”

At her bidding, goblins nine
Range them at the outmost line.
Bristling at her next commands,
Verdant, with a hundred hands
Nine palmettoes stand on guard,⁶
With their fans each blast to ward!

“Master! now, to win thy grace!⁷
Shall my blood our bargain trace!
Thy leafy son, thou givest o'er,
To make my draught of vengeance sure!
Ere his slumberous sighs have past,
I will lay our victim fast!
If she break my meshes firm,
Cycles though before the term,
Satan, seize my mortgaged soul;
Whilst I live, in my control
Must her thankless spirit groan.
Through this ancient skin and bone,
When his callow pets, the worms, are creeping
To the dusty Kaiser's keeping—
Heedfully consigned, the treasure,
Safely shall await thy pleasure.
When the last loud trump shall sound,
Still her struggling ghost, fast bound,
Vainly for its freedom straining,
Must abide thy plenteous gleaning!⁸
As to the fell contract she added her name,
Sprang “**Satan**,” beneath it, in pale blue flame!

Then, (no human qualms oppressed her,)
To the plant she thus addressed her:—

“Pretty cousin, thou and I,⁹
Born alike to ban and die;
For our mutual vantage be,
Here this night in company!
Thou dost leave thy native land,
For the plump and comely hand
Of a fair girl, from whose lip
Thou the untasted dew shalt sip!
Thou shalt freeze her pulses warm;
Palsy thou her springy form;
Nor let her beating sprite depart,
Caged within her iron heart!

"Far beyond thine inborn right
I will multiply thy might.
Till the power of Death doth flee,
Thou his gaoler grim shalt be ;
Only execute thy trust,
Lay her living in the dust !
She must strive and make no sign ;
She must struggle and be mine !
Choke hers, with thy potent breath,
Till the pall's soft velvet over,
Like the night hag's cloak, doth cover
Silent life and conscious death !
When again the owl is whooping—
When the darkling clock strikes twelve,
When the wier-wolves forth are trooping,"

When the goul and simpler delve,¹⁰
As my wrath shall endure
Let my vengeance be sure !
Now, to gain the worthy boon
Yield thee up without thy moan !"
Every article agreed,
Thus, she knelt and snatched the weed !

He shrieked ! and the watchman, the wind, abashed,
Called his fellows on every side !
With a rush in her face,
They cleared the place,
And the whirling oak into atoms dashed ;
And the faint, wan moon peeped out again
On the dank, dim earth and ebbing tide.

P A C H.

"It is all a dream ; I must to my bridal bed."
"You must, indeed, but to a cold one."
Undine.

"I non morirò non rimasi vivo ;
Pensa oramai per te, s'hai flor d' ingegno,
Qual io divenni, d'uno e d' altro privo."
Dante.

"A breathless being, darkened but intense."
Byron.

"Come, braid and twine my golden hair ;
It is my marriage-morn ;
Bring balmy buds of eglantine
And spangled sprays of thorn.

"She led us to her princely halls
From penury and care ;
Scarce pretty Lady Blanche received
More gentle nurture there.

"Henceforth shall rubies, diamonds,
These glittering tresses deck,
And pearls usurp the lily's place
Upon my fairer neck.

"And, when to vaunt his honest vows
Thou sought'st her merry bower,
To Ralph fair roods of land she gave,
To thee, a plenteous dower."

"Then lightly forth in rustic snood,
And homely mantle dight ;
Sheen velvet's gorgeous folds enlap
My loveliness to-night."

"Dost envy, then, my prosperous stars ?
Cease, cease thy droning prate ;
And trimmed in silk and miniver
My tire-woman wait."

Meek Edith moved not at her wont,
To do her sister's best ;
And tortured feeling pent too long
Burst from her laboring breast.

"Will no fond anguish yearn' when fans
The heath the soft south wind
Or fagots crackle on the hearth,
For him thou leav'st behind ?

"So soon sues Ronald ? Bid him woo
A maid of lofty race,
Who never heard *her* worth and wo,
To fill her lofty place !

"His fattening steers graze up and down ;
His plough rusts in the furrow ;
While loitering o'er the tawny moor
He struggles with his sorrow !"

"But thou, my sister ! Thou and I
We're reared at Constance' knee ;
She taught thy witching lyre and lay,
Thy courtly broidery.

"Was mine a face, a form was mine
To pine on cottage hearth,
A drudge unto a peasant swain,
In hardship, toil, and dearth ?"

"To me she gave the humbler art,
That suits my lowlier frame,
Her precious balsams to prepare
To heal the sick and lame !

"Alas ! 't is said, with spells unblest
Thou for our lord hast toiled,
Our lady's pure and spotless fame
With wicked whispers soiled.

"(Her hand in mine, she kissed the cross,
When God's sad angel came;
'Forgive as we forgive,' she breathed.
And, dying, breathed thy name.)

"Though this should be,—and saints forbend!—
Thou still mayst be forgiven;
Walled by the convent's stilly shades,
Stand free the gates of heaven!"

"Patter thou prayers, and spell thy creed,
I'll see thy shrine endowed!—
The hunchback finds its fitting place
Among the saintly crowd!"

"Oh, Alice, with a guileful crone
You quarrelled late! Beware!
Upon a dragon yesternight
One saw her in the air!"

"She but would have the costly beads
My earl brought o'er the sea;
Blessed of the pope, I gave, instead,
Thy mistress' rosary!"

"They lie who call the beldame false!
She told me, long ago,
A countess' coronet should press
My forehead's radiant snow!"

"And see her kindly nosegay sent,
To chide thine idle fear,
The myrtle and the orange flower;
A queen would hold them dear!"

She knelt before her hoary sire.—
"Go, get thee hence, begone!
I cannot bless our lady's foe,
I will not curse mine own!"

"This, of the fulness of my mouth,
It is no sin to speak,
I would that thou hadst ne'er been born
Her noble heart to break!"

"And yet hear this, or ere thou go,
A father's prophecy;
The peace and love from her estranged,
They will not rest on thee!"

"Good go with thee," old Elcine whined;
"I knew these aged eyne
Would dure to see my rosy maid
A lady gay and fine."

"So goes the world. We take our turn.
Once, goodlier e'en than thou,
I danced and sang, and now must twirl
The weary wheel and sew."

"And oft I miss the cates and wine
Dame Constance used to send!
I would I had at least—but no!
The great forget the friend!"

Her cold unwilling hand took Ralph;¹¹
His heart it throbbed so sore,
He nought could say, save "Fare thee well;
I go unto the war!"

"Is mine a face, is mine a form
To pine on cottage hearth,
A drudge unto a peasant swain
In hardship, toil, and dearth?"

Lo! at the gate the milk-white steed!
Lo! there thy sable lord!
He muttered, "Wot this should not be,
But for my knightly word."

He muttered, "At the altar, I
Thy mistress prized not more,
Nor when she gave me Blanche than, wise
Too late, I thee abhor!"

"Craft nestles in thy dimpled cheek;
Flash daggers in thine eye;
And subtle poison lurks beneath
Thy tongue's bland witchery!"

Now, to the castle chapel on!
Quit all the hamlet mean;
Up to the piles, which frowning late
Received the funeral train!

The young and old, before, behind,
Beheld her with delight,
Nor deemed that perfidy could wear
A guise so calm and bright;

And still to swell the fair array,
Pricked knight and squire; and still
Swept dame and damsel, palfrey-borne
From screening grove and hill.

Her pathway, swept and garlanded,
A seemly garden shined;
But bitter and remorseful thoughts
Pressed thronging on her mind!

"A high-born dame they welcomed once,
Of beauty more divine;
Her bosom heaved as blithe and high,
But ah, more true than mine!"

"T was hither, led by Love, she came
In life's sweet Mayday brief;
Blessing and blessed, 't was here she dwelt;
And here she died of grief!"

"Oh, one, one violet for me!"
(T is Prattling Blanche she hears;)
"T is like my mother Constance's eyes
That ever swam in tears."

She gently threw the orphan child
The blossom praised so well;
And underneath her foot the while,
Unmarked, the mandrake fell!

Its shag leaves fell ; the flower remained,
The flower of doom and dole ;
And through her full and genial veins
A creeping numbness stole !

Or from the vaulted gloom a blight
Do th' ambushed corbells pour
Or late-roused hungry vapors pierce
The monumental floor !

She felt and wondered silently
The priest his office sped.
His voice was like a waterfall
She knew not what he said !

He ended. Wistfully she gazed,
That maiden high and proud,
Gazed up into the evening sky,
A sky of wrack and cloud !

And piteously she gazed upon
The gathered guests. They seem
Like dreams remembered of the dead,
So far, and mute, and dim !

Then, within her 'wilder'd brain,
Rung a wierdly, dirge-like strain !
" Yield thy unavailing breath !
Servants, we, of mighty Death !
From the breast the babe we tear,
Lay the aged on his bier !
We can win the dainty bride
From the bridegroom's laughing side !
When the youthful pulse beats highest,
Our stealthy steps fall ever nighest !
Through thy festive bravery,
Alice, we have come for thee !
Lo ! Thy mandrake's sombre bell
Summons us and tolls thy knell ! "

Her strength and bloom together fled,
As ceased the inward sound,
Oh, where were Ralph and Edith then !
She sank upon the ground !

" Within the ground ! " dark Ronald cried,
" Ho ! for my lady room ! "
She felt the swaying of the bier,
The chillness of the tomb !

She dreamed, or felt the grisly king,
With meagre loathsome arms,
Her limbs entwine and to his heart
Hug close her blighting charms !

" Midnight strikes, and all is well ! "
Calls the watchman from the tower.
Elspeth comes to close her spell !
Elspeth knows her place and hour !

Softly falls her cat-like foot ;
Softly opes the massy door ;
With a red and lurid glare
Glowes the vaulted sepulchre !

Turned upon the pallid face
More secure the victim lies !
Round the throat the shroud she strains,
Faster seals the starting eyes !

" As my wrath shall endure,
Now my vengeance is sure !
Thus the backward cross I sign,
Thus I tell my magic line ;
Over, under, three times three ;
As thou art so shalt thou be ! "
Fades the gleam on vault and door,
Alice knows that all is o'er !

Before her, Time with ghastly stare
Stood stiffened into stone !
The mandrake's breath had touched his glass .
Its dusky course was done.

Seven ages passed within the tomb,
Seven days o'er living men ;
And cheerily the bells rang out
Their Sunday's peal again !

It shook the monarch of the mould,
He thought upon the Prey,
Which burst from pious Joseph's cave
And his dull chains away !

It shook the monarch of the mould !
He thought upon the day,
Which rusting in his stronghold, will
His iron sceptre lay !

It ceased. The dreadful calm returned.
The nearer stillness broke ;
And lisping pleadings earnestly
The stifled echoes woke.

" Constance, my mother, steadfastly
Prayed for her morn and night,
Oh lead me in her steps, for aye,
So shall I walk aright !

" I do not fear the damps and gloom ;—
I do not fear the worm ;—
My mother taught, that gracious deed
The doer keeps from harm !

" The violet that Alice gave,
Within the font I laid.
Behold how sturdily once more
It rears its tiny head !

" This, reeking with the holy dew,
All evil things to chase
And draw good angels down, I'll leave
Within her burial place ! "

On to the coffin boldly came
The child, and prayed aloud,
" Eternam dona requiem ! "¹¹²
Then burst the choking shroud !

The body in its cerements turned;
Again the walls were bright,
And Constance floated o'er her babe,
In clouds of amber light.¹³

The mandrake yielded to the flower,
Of Alice's one good deed;
A smile enwreathed her parting lips;
And fled the spirit freed!¹⁴

E. FOXTON.

ARGUMENT.—According to the custom of feudal times, two girls of low birth are brought up in the family of a countess, named Constance, the wife of Ronald. One of them, named Edith, is grateful and true to her mistress, Alice, the other, conspires against her peace, with Elspeth a witch, gains the affections of her husband, and breaks her heart. Ronald repents too late, and bound by his rash vows, marries her. On her wedding night, having offended her confederate by the refusal of a necklace, she is stupefied by the smell of a poisonous and enchanted flower, concealed by the former in a nosegay, and buried alive! From this state she is unwittingly rescued by Blanche, the orphan child of her injured benefactress, who lays a violet dipped in holy water on her coffin, and repeats the prayers for the dead of the Roman Catholic church. These dissolve the spells; and she dies in peace.

Note 1. *The Mandrake.*—The plant, which gives name to this poem, is more familiar to the student of the old English literature, and of Southe's magnificent *Thalaba*, than, probably, to the modern gardener.

From the various accounts of it, I gather that it is of the race of the nightshade, a deadly poison, and powerful narcotic; though hardly powerful enough, unaided by witchcraft or poetry, to throw a person into a trance by its smell or touch alone. Its leaves are hairy, and spring without a stalk from the root, which bears its name by a rude or fancied resemblance to the human form. Its flower is of a dingy white striped with purple, and, according to Miller, quoted by Johnson, "Consists of one leaf shaped like a bell." He also pleasantly assures his readers, that "the reports of tying a dog to this plant, in order to root it up, and prevent the certain death of the person who dares to attempt such a deed, and of the groans emitted by it when the violence is offered, are equally fabulous."

"In the digging up of the root of the mandrage, there are some ceremonies observed: first, they that go about this worke, look especially to this, that the wind be not in their face, but blow upon their backs; then, with the point of a sword they draw three circles round about the plant, which done, they dig it up afterwards, with their face unto the west." Holland. Plinie; quoted by Richardson.

Note 2. *Their curtains blue.*—The reader of Longfellow, that is to say any modern who reads at all, may be reminded of the lines in "The Light of Stars":

"Is it the tender star of love
The star of love and dreams?
O no! from that blue tent above
A hero's armor gleams!"

Note 3. Having a memory much more tenacious than grateful, much more ready at seizing on scraps than at making due acknowledgments of and to their lawful own-

ers, I am sadly afraid that the imagery of this stanza is stolen from one of the Waverley Novels.

Note 4. *With her spindle, round it she.*—Elspeth's using her spindle instead of a sword, is a beautiful instance of the true diabolical capacity of turning the most innocent things in life into instruments of evil.

Note 5. We have seen (in Note 1) that one of the conditions, necessary to a successful operation on this plant, was that the wind should be at the back of the performer, while his face was turned to the west. The father of lies would seem to have brought more than one of his family with him on this occasion. In answer to her prayer, he empowers Elspeth to raise the mandrake for the undoing of Alice. She does raise it; and he takes no further pains to further her plans, if indeed he does not rather prompt the powers of Nature to thwart them, and get her into his hands, which, by the conditions of their written compact, there is every reason to hope and believe that he did.

Note 6. *Nine palmettoes.*—These almost indescribable trees, start into view on every side, like enchanted sentinels in the hoary, tangled woods of Louisiana. Perhaps, nothing else contributes so much to the tropical air of that wild Eden or to make the stranger feel, that he is a stranger there. They are not tall, but very bushy, and of a deep, dark green. The common palm-leaf fans are made of their broad leaves, which, folded at first like the French paper fans, spread themselves afterwards with a sharp halo of points round the edge. Each straight stiff arm bears its single leaf. The feminine reader may imagine a feminine orrery set with fans instead of stars, but a tolerable drawing would give a better idea than the best-chosen words, of the sylvan Briareus of the West.

Note 7. *Master, now, etc.*—Elspeth, having placed the nine imps changed into palmettoes, to keep off every wind that blows, tries again to secure the co-operation of her hellish master. According to custom, she has, for the tempting privilege of being a witch for a certain number of years or centuries, made over to him her precious soul at the end of them. One would think he might have been sure enough of it, at any rate. She now, however, gives him a mortgage upon her remaining time, to be forfeited whenever, if ever, Alice escapes. Thrown into an unconquerable lethargy, the latter is to be buried alive, with a full consciousness of her situation, and no means of making it known to others. When Elspeth dies, her victim is to be left in the hands of the *dusty Kaiser*, (death personified,) to be claimed by Satan whenever he chooses.

Note 8. *Pretty cousin.*—A very natural piece of wheedling endearment.

"Isabella. 'My cousin Juliet!'
Lucio. 'Is she your cousin? '
Isabella. 'Adoptedly; as schoolmaids change their names,
By vain though apt affection!'"

Measure for Measure.

The utmost natural effect of the mandrake, would be to kill Alice at once. Aided by magic, it is to stupefy the very seeds of death within her. Without strength to die or live, she is to lie in a sort of nightmare, till after the day of judgment if need be.

Note 9. *When the wier-wolves.*—These are a crew of magicians of the north of Europe, who are men and women

by day and beasts of prey by night. Unhappily, I have no trustworthy description of them at hand.

Note 10. *When the goul.* Gouls or gholes. Certain formidable Oriental demons, who lie in wait for travellers, in uninhabited buildings and wildernesses, and nightly dig up and devour the bodies of the dead. Elspeth's language, in making her appointment with her minister, the mandrake, might, at first, lead the carping critic to suspect that, like some very few other good ladies, she had too strictly confined herself to the accomplishments peculiar to her sex, and innocently supposed night to bless the good cities of Cairo and London at one and the same time.

That such a suspicion would be as unfounded as uncharitable, is sufficiently proved by the fact, that they (the gholes) often abound in the wardrobes and under the beds of juvenile Anglo-Saxon readers of the "Arabian Nights;" whence mothers and nurses are sometimes compelled to hunt them with lighted candles, at the manifest risk of a fiery purgation of the premises.

Besides, why should they not "rise with darkness," like Milton's enterprising fiend? Our *gourmands* go to Sandwich for trout, and to Springfield for cake and dyspepsia. It would be hard, if a fastidious epicurean of this amiable brotherhood, who had surfeited himself at the table of the cholera in Smyrna, could not restore his valuable health by change of air and scene, and his appetite by the more light and various fare afforded by the typhus fevers and consumptions of the western world!

Note 11. *Her cold, unwilling hand took Ralph.* Need it be said that he was a slighted lover?

Note 12. *Eternam dona requiem.*—"Requiem eternam dona eis, domine," are the first words of the Roman Catholic prayers for the dead.

Note 13. *Clouds of amber light;* see "Thalaba," Book 8, Stanzas 9 and 10.

"And o'er the chamber of the tomb
There spread a lurid light,
Like the reflection of a sulphur fire;—
* * *

A sapphire light fell on them,
And garmented with glory, in their sight
Omiza's spirit stood!"

Note 14. Any reasonable person, in Alice's plight, who had a chance to die, would have taken it. "Who, who, would live alway?" after being buried alive seven days, drugged with mandragora, and half strangled by a witch.

Finding so many prose and prosy explanations, necessary for the clearer development of my simple plot, I fear I may be thought in the predicament of the promising artist, who, yet in his tenderest youth and to the delight of his parents, executed a drawing of a "house and a boy!"

"Beautiful! but where is the boy?"
"Sir; he is behind the house!"

Thus, the public:

"What have we here, my little dear?"
The Author.—Poetry; sire, and a story!"
Public.—"Exquisite! but where is the story?"
Author.—"Sir, it is behind the verses!"

IMITATED FROM THE INVITATION TO ITALY, IN GOETHE'S WILHELM MEISTER.

Know'st thou the land where sorrow's no more,
Where the power of the wicked to trouble is o'er,
Where the full cup of bliss has no drop of alloy,
Where the "river that flows" is the river of joy?
Know'st thou that happy Land? Ah where! ah where!
There lies our home, kind Angel guide us there!

Know'st thou the city whose bright gates unfold
Disclosing crystal walls, and streets of gold;
Where breathing seraphs stand around the throne
And seem to say "welcome, repentant one!"
Know'st thou that bright abode? Ah where! ah where!
There lies our home, kind Angel guide us there!

Know'st thou the rugged path; the narrow way
Which leads the Pilgrim to this realm of day?
Know'st thou the soul subdued, the contrite tear,
The fervent prayer when none save God is near?
Know'st thou that narrow way? Ah where! ah where!
The Lamb of God will guide our footsteps there.

SARAH.

A FABLE.

قطله

شلی خوشبوی نور حمام ورزی
رسید از دست مکویی بدستم
بدو شقتم که مشکی ناعبری
که از بوی دلاؤیز تو سترم
شقنا من شل ناچیر سودم
ولیکن صدثی باشل نشستم
کمال هنرین در من اثر کرد
وکر نه من همان خاکم که فستم

Dew

From the Persian of Sadî.

BY CALEB LYON, OF LYONSDALE.

ONE day while bathing in the wave,
Where pleasant thoughts have birth,
A friend of mine unto me gave
A piece of scented earth.

As it exhaled upon my hand
The sweet perfume it bore,
I cried, "Art thou from Yemen's land
Or Zenia's distant shore ?

"More fragrant far than ambergris,
Or musk from Rhoten's hills,
Or like love's first entrancing kiss,
Thy scent my bosom fills."

And it replied, "But worthless clay
Was I at summer's close,
When Fate bestowed—one happy day,
The love of a fair rose."

Western Sketches.—No. 6.

THE SINGING SCHOOL.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Music has charms," unquestionably; we have great authority for defending the proposition against all challengers. What a disquisition we might write upon such a text! but we will not venture upon abstractions. Let us rather apply to facts, and inquire to what amount of effort and sacrifice music not absolutely perfect will induce unsophisticated people to submit; what departures from all-compelling habit will seem tolerable when music is the object; what momentous results may follow when the concord of sweet sounds (aided by the pitch-pipe,) has waked up all the tenderness that ventures to sojourn in the breast of the stout backwoodsman.

People in the country never go in search of music. It comes to them; not from the "sweet south," but from the yellow orient, (the land of pumpkins,) in the shape of lank youths, of aspect faintly clerical, wearing black coats on which the rime of age has begun to settle, and "excellent white" bosoms, curiously wrought—"welked bosoms," indeed, perhaps typical of the wounds and scars left by the cruel archer who is so busy at singing-schools. These "professors"—a name which they often assume with peculiar propriety—generally carry their breadwinners with them, in the sole shape of a stout pair of lungs, and a flexible organ—nasal organ we mean—habituated to the modulation of sound. He who brings a flute takes rank accordingly; the happy possessor of a bass-viol can afford to beard the minister himself in the choice of tunes. These last do not often enlighten the woodland and prairie regions: they haunt the larger towns, where dignity may hope to find a soil wherein to flourish.

The arrival of the first singing master in our village was a crisis. The fine arts then dawned upon us, and a genial excitement was the due result. What was ordinary business, except as it earned leisure or money—sweeping and dusting, unless to get the square-room in order for a call—churning, but to make butter for a tea-visit which *might* happen? The girls flew about, as somebody irreverently says, "like geese before a

storm;" the young men looked black as the storm itself, when they thought of the formidable competition that now threatened their influence. Meanwhile, Mr. Fasole was sitting on the counter at the store, telling great things of himself, and asking questions about the neighborhood. The news went by nature's own telegraph, and the remotest corner of the town knew in ample time of the singing-school we were to have at B—.

The school-house was crowded the very first night, and lighted on the individual principle, that is, by each member bringing his own candle. The candlesticks were mostly extemporary—a block of wood with a hole in it, or a little knot of paper, or a scooped turnip—to be held in the hand during the whole evening, since they were not made to stand. The candles seemed, indeed, rather made to run; at least that was what they did, most uncontrollably; but the absorbing interest of the moment was such, that the inconvenience was hardly noticed. Mr. Fasole appeared in the awful desk, his vermillion head looming out from the black-board behind him, like the rising moon in the dark sky of autumn. Before him lay a pile of singing-books, which he informed the assembly,—in the course of a few preliminary remarks on music in general and his own music especially,—he had brought with him, merely for their convenience, at one dollar each. At this stage, those who had brought with them Sacred Choirs, and Singer's Assistants, and Vocal Harmonists, that had been heir-looms in the family long before the emigration, looked somewhat blank, and sighed. But Mr. Fasole went on, showing such science, such taste, such utter contempt for all other methods but his own, that the old books disappeared, one by one; dissolving, perhaps, like the candles, but at any rate becoming invisible.

When the class came to be formed, the dollar singing-book proved like a huge rock in the track of a railway; there was no getting over it or round it; it must be tunneled right through, but how? Would the scientific man take corn,—would he accept shingles,—would butter do,—would eggs

pass current? Could the dollar be paid in board or lodging, or washing or sewing? "An order on the store,"—"my cloth at the fulling-mill,"—"that lot of yarn,"—"our cosset lamb,"—"a panful of maple sugar,"—such were the distinctor sounds that rose above the chorus, as each claimed to be excused from paying cash down. Mr. Fasole was wise; he accepted a composition in every case in which he had not privately satisfied himself that the money would be forthcoming at the last pinch, and the class came to order for the first lesson.

We know not what Mr. Hullah's success may be among the cockneys, but with us, "music for the million" is a serious matter. Contortions dire and sad grimace, and sounds as when a flock of much maligned birds, disturbed from their resting-place by the road-side, revenge themselves by screaming at the interloper—all were there. But not a muscle of the teacher's face showed that he was the conscious possessor of ears. With looks of unperturbed gravity, he gave the signal to begin—to stop—to stop—to stop again, and begin again. He himself led the panting host, his chin buried deep in his stock, and his eyebrows raised as if to be out of the way of the volume of sound that issued from the mouth that opened like an oyster below. This laborious diligence soon rendered an intermission necessary, and as it had been agreed to do all things with great order and propriety, the master announced that the company were to keep their seats, while water (much needed) should be brought to them; which was done accordingly—the school-pail and tin-cup being carried round by one of the stoutest youths, and the refreshing beverage distributed amid much tittering and some prettily accidental spillings by the giddier members.

Part second proceeded on a more moderate scale. Some little exhaustion was felt, and the candles being slender, were failing even faster than the strength of the company. Joe Deal's burnt down to his fingers unawares, as he was leaning over to talk to Sarah Giles; and his not very polite or well-considered exclamation thereupon was reprehended with severe dignity by the professor. This caused something of a hiatus in the performance, and it was almost hopeless to restore the order that had reigned before the intermission. The allotted time had not elapsed, however, and a smart rap on the desk recalled public attention. All bent assiduously over the book, and the harmony was about to be renewed, when Ansel Green, who was always an unlucky fellow, set his own huge shock of hair on fire, and illuminated the room with a blaze that reached nearly to the ceiling.

This naturally finished the first meeting; for not only did the accident create the "most admired disorder," but the piteous look, and diving self-abstraction of poor Ansel, brought out irrepressible and continuous laughter that was too much even for Mr. Fasole; though as soon as he could compose his countenance, he assured the company that nothing was more common than for people to burn off all their hair in learning to sing, though he did not think it was necessary.

The fame of our singing-school spread far and wide, and each return of the regular evening brought recruits from distant parts, whose ambition had been awakened by the great accounts industriously circulated of the success of Mr. Fasole. Some of these recruits were by no means raw, and they brought with them settled opinions on certain points connected with church-singing, by no means agreeable to Mr. Fasole. Strange perversion of human nature, that makes discord but too often the result of harmony! Sharps, flats, and naturals are amiable in their place, but in musical quarrels how they jangle! Old tunes and new tunes, particular metres and minor chords, quick and slow, false and true, everything was theme for difference. It was believed, actually, that one of the new-comers was a singing-master in disguise, so "cunning of fence" did he show himself in all matters relating to the due effect of church music. Poor Mr. Fasole's face grew anxious, till his very hair looked faded, at this invasion of his prerogative. When he could not refute, he sneered; when outgeneralled, he attempted revenge; but, as in all cases, the more angry he grew, the worse his cause prospered. People took sides, as a matter of course, and the wise chose the side whose leader seemed coolest.

But fortune interfered in favor of the lawful occupant of the ground. It came to light, that the insidious foe who had troubled our "piping times of peace," was not only a singing-master, but a married man! a person who had really nothing interesting about him, and who had, from the mere pedagogical infirmity of loving to dictate, taken the trouble to come over and spoil our sport! The faithful grew louder than ever in their praises of Mr. Fasole; the neutrals gave in their allegiance, and even the opposition slipped as quietly as possible back into their old position, striving, by extra docility, to atone for a short defection. For once legitimacy triumphed, and renewed zeal showed itself in utter disregard of the dripping of candles, or even the scorching of hair.

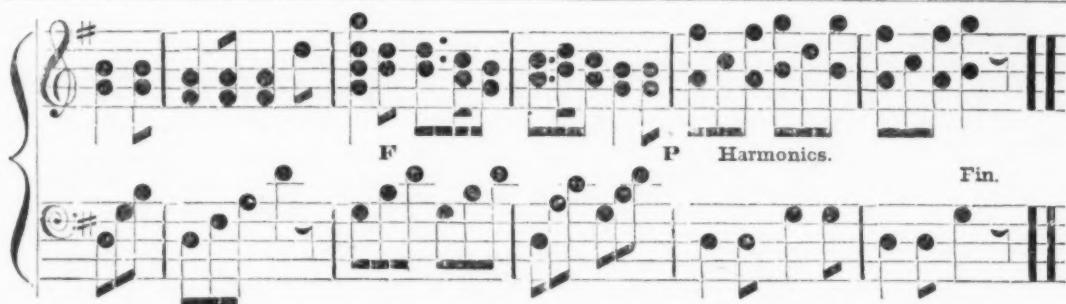
But we must defer further account of the singing-school until a future number.

LA VERA CRUZ QUADRILLE.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY MRS. JULIA MAYS CUBELL.

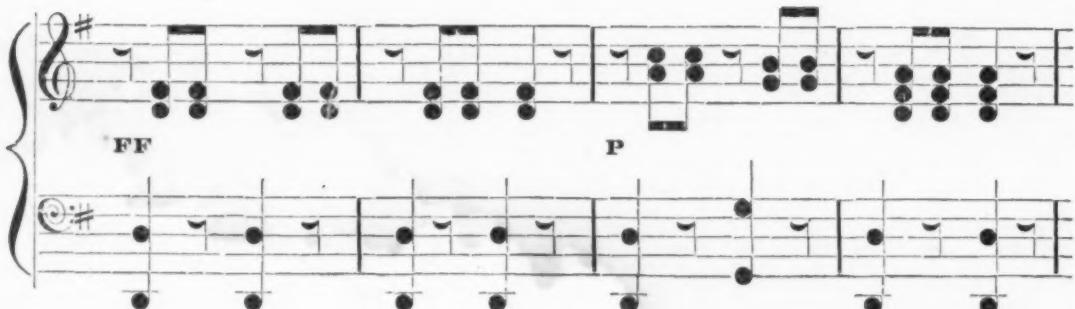
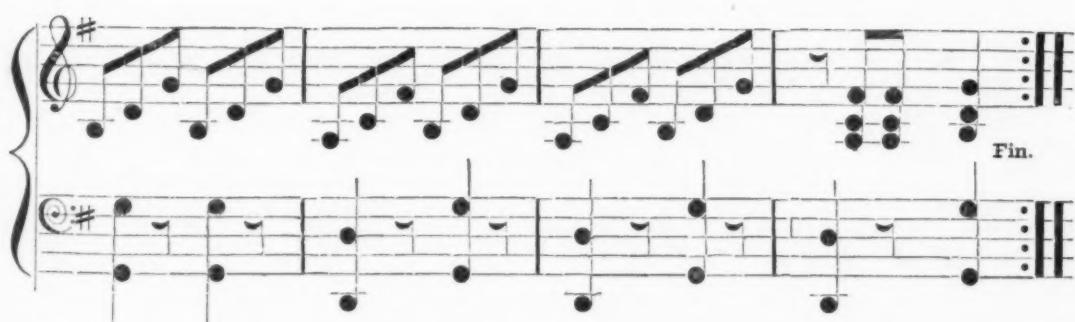
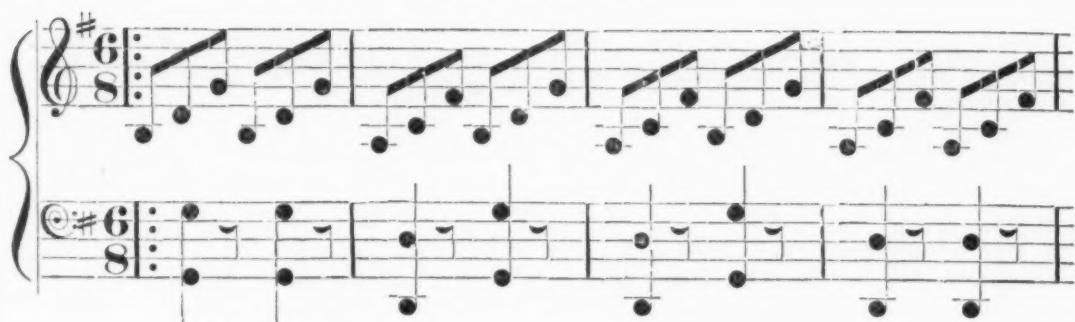
DEDICATED TO MAJOR-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT.

FOR THE HARP OR PIANOFORTE.



ACCOMPANIMENT TO "LA VERA CRUZ QUADRILLE,"

FOR THE HARP OR PIANO.



BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

ARTIST-LIFE, OR SKETCHES OF AMERICAN PAINTERS. By

Henry T. Tuckerman, Author of "Thoughts on the Poets,"
etc. D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

Mr. Tuckerman is the author of a good many things besides the "Thoughts on the Poets," which may perhaps be the reason why he does not think it necessary to preface the present book by any remarks which may introduce the writer personally to the reader. But we confess we miss the preface. To put us off without one has a cavalier air; as if a friend, from whom we expect better things, should leave a card at our door without asking to see us. We pay the author the compliment of feeling slighted.

The book is characterized by the felicity and grace which distinguish all Mr. Tuckerman's writings, and affords occasion for the expression of his sentiments on many subjects kindred to the main one. The accounts given of the several artists are rather entertaining than critical, and on the whole less particular than we had anticipated. In our opinion the book would have been better named "American Artists," since "Artist-Life" leads us to look for something biographical or at least circumstantial; while there is even a sedulous avoidance of the mention of the Christian names of the artists. Benjamin West has his, because there is another American painter of the name; but "Stuart" may pass with future generations for Moses Stuart, for aught we can tell, and "Trumbull" for the author of *Mac Fingal*.

On the whole, we do not like this book quite as well as those in which Mr. Tuckerman has given us more of himself—we do not mean egotistically, but disquisitely, if we may manufacture a word. But we say thus much only to induce him to write another very soon.

THE PLAYMATE, NO. 2. A pleasant companion for spare hours. New-York : Berford & Co., Astor House.

The selection of amusing reading for the young is a subject of no small solicitude with parents. Many things are to be taken into consideration. The moral teachings must not only be well intended, but correct in principle, which is not always the case. The language must be pure, vigorous and free from provincialisms and other inelegancies, which, we are sorry to say, is a necessity not invariably recognized. And, not to particularize more minutely, the pictures should be well drawn and graceful, or we corrupt the judgment of the eye, and vulgarize the taste. In the latter point—the pictures—the Playmate certainly excels most of its competitors. The illustrations have a breadth, spirit and correctness of drawing, rather unusual in works of this class. Of the tenor of the reading matter, we are unable to speak more than generally. It seems lively and innocent; and we observe some pleasant sketches in natural history—always a study both interesting and useful to young people.

286

C. S. FRANCIS & CO. have in preparation for the coming holidays a new and beautiful volume of original Fairy Tales for young people, edited by L. Maria Child, whose delightful story in our present number, we doubt not, will charm our readers. "Rainbows for Children" is the rather fanciful title of the new book—we believe the interest it cannot fail to excite will by no means be as fleeting as its name. It is to be illustrated by twenty-eight very superior engravings on wood, from original designs, and the whole work will be got up in the best style of paper, print and binding, while the matter, whose charm has not heretofore extended beyond the sound of the author's voice, by which, however, many an eager ear has been held, and many an unquiet spirit soothed, will now be placed within the reach of all who can buy and read.

The same publishers are also preparing a second series of the "Book of Entertainment, of Curiosities and Wonders in Nature, Art and Mind," a volume of nearly a thousand pages, full of good reading, illustrated by more than a hundred engravings.

They have published in a separate form, with new illustrations, those famous old stories from the Arabian Nights—Aladdin or the Wonderful Lamp, Sinbad the Sailor, and Ali Baba and the Forty Robbers.

The same publishers will also have ready for the holidays, new editions of Tuckerman's *Thoughts on the Poets*, a work which must take its place among standard American books; of Sir Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, with plates; and of Aurelian (formerly Probus), the sequel to *Zenobia*, by Rev. Wm. Ware, which has been thoroughly revised and corrected by the author. And as soon as it is completed, they will publish with engravings, Mrs. S. C. Hall's "Midsummer Eve, a Fairy Tale of Love," with which the readers of the London Art Union Journal have been delighted during the present year.

They will also publish in a few days, "Old Wine in New Bottles, or Spare Hours of a Student in Paris," a series of letters descriptive of life in the French Capital, written by a young physician of this city, giving a very spirited account of most things worth seeing and knowing in that city of wonders.

ESSAYS, by Ralph Waldo Emerson. First series—new Edition. Boston : James Munroe & Company.

These "outflowings" of Mr. Emerson are already so well-known—that is, what is known of them is so well known—that any attempt of ours to analyze or to commend them would be impertinent and useless. We must refer the reader to many learned disquisitions upon Mr. Emerson and his peculiar genius, to be found in various reviews; contenting ourselves with a commendation of the neat style in which the present edition is executed.

THE AMERICAN FLORA. In twelve monthly parts, each part illustrated with four to six beautiful colored engravings, taken from Nature. By Dr. A. B. Strong. New York: J. C. Burdick, 140 Nassau street.

A very beautiful as well as useful work. It is highly commended by some of our most eminent botanists for its correctness, and the abundant information given respecting the medicinal properties and other uses of the several plants treated. The Linnaean system is the one adopted. To the unlearned eye, the plates are of course the most attractive part. They are very correctly drawn and elegantly colored.

ILLUSTRATED NATURAL HISTORY. Same author and publisher.

This is an interesting and useful work, but far less elegant than the Flora, as is *comme il faut*, we suppose. Each number contains several colored plates, with explanatory letter-press, and all at the incredibly low price of one dollar per annum.

THE GREAT SECRET. By Emily Chubbuck. L. Colby & Co., 122 Nassau street.

A capital little book for the moral training of the young, from the ever-attractive pen of Fanny Forrester.

THE AMERICAN SYSTEM OF COOKERY. By a Lady of New York. T. J. Crown, 643 Broadway.

Of all the reforms, none is more loudly called for than one in American cookery—that being one in which everybody is interested. That the national health would be better if the national kitchen were more philosophically and physiologically managed, there seems to be no doubt anywhere. Even morals suffer, beyond question, through the influence of crude, ill-selected aliment. Who knows but the Mexican war may be traced to an ill-cooked, ill-assorted, contradictory and irritating cabinet dinner?

'A Lady of New York' tells us how to make a great many nice and wholesome things; and we beg our readers not to imagine that we speak rashly, or even theoretically, upon this all important subject. *We have tasted*, and we testify without a misgiving. "The proof of the pudding," etc.

EWBANK'S HYDRAULICS AND MECHANICS.—New York: Greeley & McElrath, Tribune buildings.

We ought to study this book out of sheer gratitude for the Croton; but it is full of interest and even amusement of its own.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

DECEMBER.—The garland of the months is woven to its frontal flower, and the rich beauty of these latter blossoms serves well to introduce the whiteness of those which are now to come. A more glorious autumn never ushered in the wintry snows. The sun has lingered even more lovingly than usual upon the brown fields and the fading grass. If the poor were not but too much like the grasshoppers, thinking the sunshine will last forever, we might hope that they had used this benign delay in making some provision for the storms that must come. But there will be the usual call for the kindness of the well-to-do—we will not say the rich, for it is not necessary to be rich to aid the poor most effectually. The very name of December brings with it thoughts of Christmas and the holidays. It has, in English parlance, a "jolly" sound, but Americans seldom use the word, since they have no time to be jolly. Is not one of the greatest mistakes of the day among us, the neglect of recreation? a disposition to undervalue the simple and cheap pleasures that are springing up before us at every step—the habit of deferring the enjoyment of life to some future and indefinite time that never comes. The moral of Mrs. Child's sweet story in our present number is one that we wish might sink deep in the heart of every man, woman and child that may have the pleasure of reading it. That "we receive but what we give," is a deep truth—oh, how little understood!

DR. CHEEVER'S NEW CHURCH.—This splendid temple has been dedicated, in presence of a multitude of worshippers, and a throng of visitors continues to attest the newly-awakened architectural taste of the public. The style is very different from that of most of the new churches, and is said to be mo-

delled on that of St. Denis. The inequality of the two front towers has a very odd look, and reminds us of the Chinese imitativeness which placed a patch on the elbow of a new coat in order to make it in all respects like the pattern. The shorter tower of St. Denis, as we are told, was left unfinished for want of means to carry it out to its full height. Yet perhaps the formality of absolute symmetry is not always desirable. We may "snatch a grace beyond the rules of art," since churches are no longer symbolical of creeds.

CHANGE IN THE SIGNIFICATION OF WORDS.—A curious instance of this is to be found in a paraphrase of the 92d Psalm by Chassignet, a French writer of the sixteenth century. It commences thus:

"Soit que du beau soleil la perruque empourprée
Redore de ses rais cette basse courréé."

The sun in a purple periwig! But in the French of Chassignet's day *perruque* was synonymous with the beautiful word *chevelure*, and *la perruque du soleil* was no more ludicrous than *la belle chevelure de Julie*, or *Coma Berenice*.

Many words in our own language have undergone almost a complete revolution in meaning. As instances we may mention, *to divert*, which meant originally to turn aside; *bravery*, once synonymous with finery; *extravagant*, properly wandering out of bounds. These changes afford an interesting field for study. "Our language," observes Professor Reed, in his preface to the American edition of Graham's *Synonymes*, "deserves better care and more sedulous culture. The young, instead of having only such familiarity with their native speech as practice without method or theory gives, should be so taught and trained as to acquire a habit of using

words—whether with the voice or the pen—fitly, truly, intelligently and conscientiously." "Conscientiously!" exclaims some youthful reader; "what has conscience to do with our mere choice of words?" Much indeed; but hear the Professor further. "The study of language," says he, "will tend to produce a thoughtful and accurate use of it; and thus may be acquired almost unconsciously, that which is not only a critical but a moral habit of mind—the habit of giving utterance to truth in simple, clear and precise terms—of telling one's thoughts and feelings in words that express nothing more and nothing less. It is thus that we may learn how to escape the evils of vagueness, obscurity and perplexity—the manifold mischiefs of words used thoughtlessly, and at random, or words used in ignorance or confusion."

MUSIC.—The only notes considered perfectly secure at this moment are musical ones, and the *furore* is proportionate wherever they are offered. We are spared the necessity of deciding between rival claimants for superiority, by the animated partizanship of a portion of the daily press, which will doubtless make the merit or no merit of the most prominent of the candidates for public favor apparent in due time. Meanwhile we venture to record the effect produced on us by the tender and pathetic singing of Mr. Dempster, whose choice of songs, fitted to wake the source of tears, can hardly be overpraised. Mary Howitt's 'Dying Child' is a most affecting poem, and Mr. D. has written music for it which exhibits his genius as a composer more favorably than any

other of his songs, if we except the ever-charming May Queen.

"WHERE DO YOU PUT YOUR BROWN TREE?"—The introduction of contrasts in works of art, as of discords in music, has a special object—that of heightening the effect of the beautiful. What can so show the springing life of a joyous child, as placing it on the bosom of a dead mother? Surround a decaying trunk with fresh verdure, and it looks even deader than before. So after a long interval of difficult preparatory modulation, how delicious is the development of a clear, simple harmony! The whole world of nature and art is full of these contrasts.

One of them may be found in our crowded and splendid streets, where the lovely and happy pass close to the wretched—the starving—the ignorant—the depraved—the hopeless. Not the death's head at the feast offered a more appalling contradiction of the prevalent spirit. The gay scarcely notice these outcasts of humanity, but how do the sons and daughters of fortune appear in the eyes of those to whom no avenue to happiness seems open? Is it wonderful that the poor should sincerely believe themselves forgotten, neglected, even trampled upon? Let us not only have patience with their murmurs and what we call their ingratitude, but show them, by our willingness to lessen our splendor in their behalf, that the mere possession of worldly wealth is *not* the best of Heaven's blessings. Till we are able thus to exemplify our philosophy, we must not complain that they have none.

STEPS TO RUIN.—NO. II.

(See the Engraving.)

BY THE EDITOR.

OUR picture of the first step suggested a Western reminiscence; not because the West is more given to drunkenness than the East, but because the painter had happened to imagine what memory had in another mind recorded as a fact—a proof of the truth to nature which guides our artist. The present scene needs no interpreter. Who of us has not been witness to a similar one? Self-respect, decency, manhood—sacrificed to a fatal thirst for excitement, see him who but a little while ago was the pride and stay of his family, now the butt of rude boys, and the shame and grief of all that belong to him. His poor little daughter clings to his arm, imploring him to return home. "Come, father!" we hear her say, in a tone that would touch any heart but a drunkard's. "Do come, dear father! mother wants you to come home!" Well do we remember the sound of those very words, uttered by a boy about ten years old, as he

tried to raise his father out of the gutter, where he lay, while a violent rain drenched, and threatened almost to drown him, in his stupor.

Who shall dare to throw a stone in the way of those efforts at reform which have been the means of rescuing from the very jaws of ruin numbers who had been coldly given up to perish by the selfish world? Rather be it our office to further—though it be but feebly—a work so godlike!

Well says a late speaker*—"Sweet is the breath of popular applause—fair the laurel crown, and flattering the lofty column; but when the supreme hour shall come, the most grateful and the most emphatic monument of virtue that mortals can raise, is the brief record—*He assisted in the progress of his race.*"

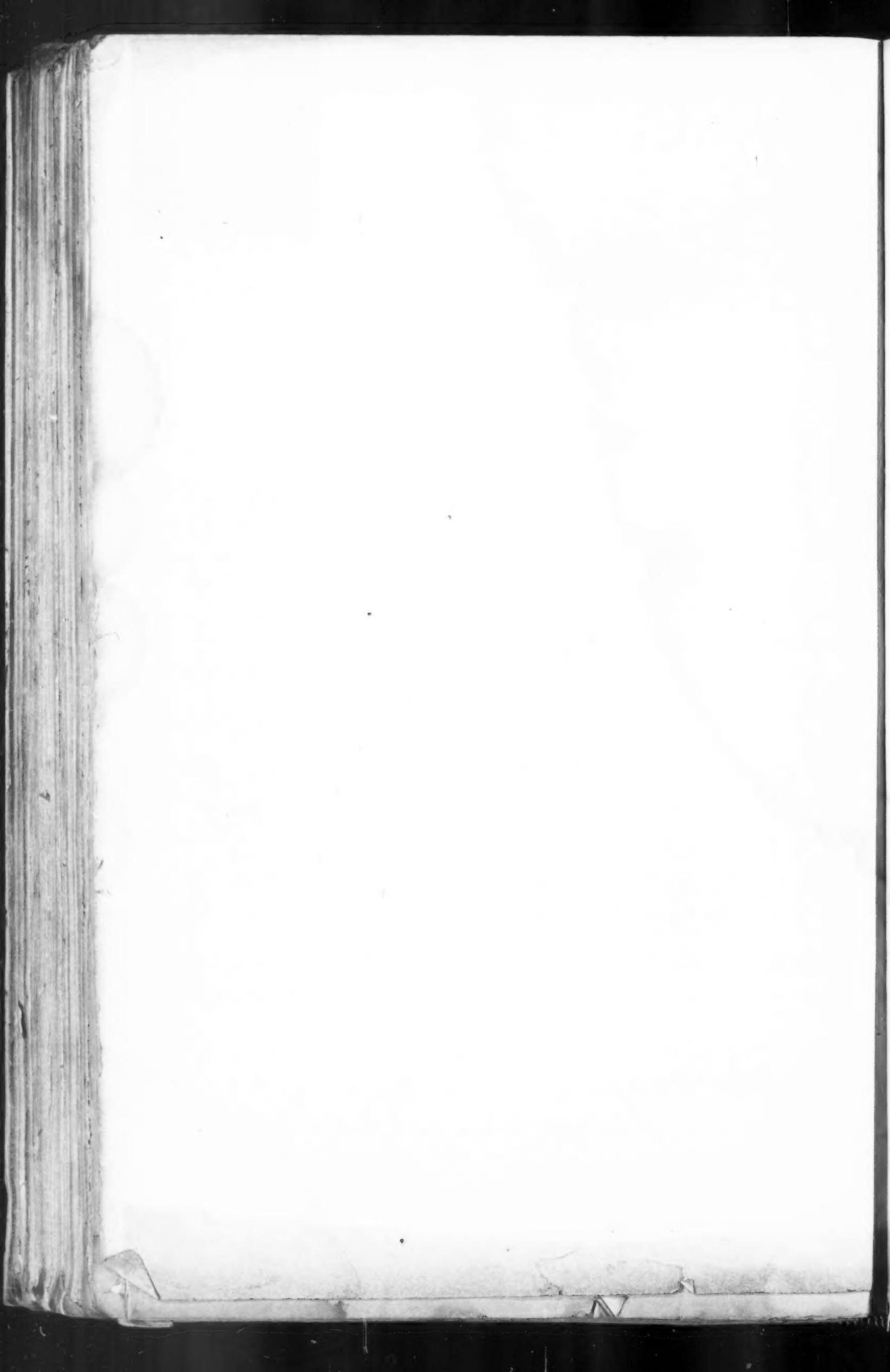
* Theodore Sedgwick, Esq., in his Discourse before the Senate of Union College, July, 1847.

STEPS TO RUIN

Design by THE Master



Designed by THE Master



C. M. Kirkland, assisted by a corps of contributors who are either established favor the reading public or worthy to become so. Such as

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CALEB LYON,
R. H. STODDARD.

The paper will be of the same quality now used. The Fashions will be colored by T. P. Spearng.

There will be two pages of original Music in each number.

In the course of about as many months will be given fac-similes of the characters used in writing fourteen different languages, with a short translation into English similar to the Chinese and Persian Odes in the November and December numbers of the Magazine, by Caleb Lyon, U. S. Consul to Shang-hai, China, which to the curious and intelligent will be worth at least a year's subscription to the Magazine. And every exertion will be made, which literary ability, ingenuity of Artists, and adequate capital can do, to make the Union Magazine worthy of the place already so generously granted it in the public esteem.

The Union Magazine will be published regularly on the first of each month.

Dealers in Periodicals throughout the United States and the Canadas, who wish to become agents for the Union Magazine, will please apply to the publisher immediately. All Post Masters are desired to act as agents for it—the usual discount will be made to them. A specimen number will be sent to any one wishing to see it, on application to the publisher, post-paid.

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Twelve "	"	"	"	"	"	20,00

GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE.

We will give the person sending us the largest club of subscribers to this Magazine, with the cash at the above rates during the time ending the 1st of May, 1848, the engraving of the United States Senate Chamber, containing the correct portraits of ninety-seven distinguished gentlemen, then in the Senate Chamber, at the time of Mr. Clay's farewell speech. The engraving measures thirty-two by forty inches, engraved by Thomas Doney, and published by E. Anthony, with a splendid gilt frame; the engraving and frame costing \$27 00, which we will deliver free of freight or expense, in any way to the person entitled to it, at any place within the United States; and it will also constitute the person sending the money, a life subscriber to the Union Magazine. The picture and frame can be seen at any time at E. Anthony's Daguerreotype Establishment, 247 Broadway, New-York.

Editors who will copy this Prospectus entire, conspicuously, in their papers, and send a copy marked with ink, addressed to the Union Magazine, shall be furnished with the Magazine for one year. Address, post-paid,

ISRAEL POST, 140 Nassau-street, New-York.

THE UNION MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1847.

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EMBELLISHMENTS.

" MY CHILD! GIVE ME BUT MY CHILD!" Designed by T. H. Matteson. Engraved by H. S. Sadd.

STEPS TO RUIN.—No. 2. Designed by T. H. Matteson. Engraved by T. Doney.

FASHIONS. Four figures. Engraved by W. S. Barnard. Colored by T. P. Spearing.

BESSY BELL. Engraved by B. F. Childs.

THE GHOST OF DICK DUNN. Engraved by P. Loomis.

JULIA CUNNINGHAM WEEPING OVER HER INEBRIATED HUSBAND. Engraved by P. Loomis.

GERTRUDE LINN WEEPING AT THE WINDOW. Engraved by P. Loomis.

THE MANDRAKE. Engraved by B. F. Childs.

A PERSIAN FABLE. In the Persian style of Printing. Engraved by B. F. Childs.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FASHIONS.

Dress of grey taffeta, skirt open, trimmed with lace on each side, corsage plain, open trimmed like the skirt; sleeves close, half-long; under-handkerchief of embroidered cambric; corsage embroidered, very high, finished at the neck by a little collar, trimmed with lace; long sleeves, puffed; cap of worked muslin, with a very small bins crown gathered at the bottom, and placed flat around the scalloped fronts, edged with lace, separated by small knots of blue taffeta ribbon, and ornamented with bows at the side.

Dress of green silk, skirt plain, sleeves half-long, with cuffs; corsage plain, low in the neck, with a round point; under-sleeves of puffed muslin; muslin pelrine, round behind, and crossed in front at the waist; trimmed all round with two rows of embroidered muslin, placed flat, surmounted by a heading of work, finished in front by a bow of colored ribbon; lace cap, made of one single piece, gathered on each side by a bouquet of roses.

Bride's toilet. Dress of white *poult de soie*, skirt plain, corsage high, with bands, trimmed with two rows of fringe; sleeves half-long, ornamented in the same way with fringe; under-sleeves of puffed muslin; lace veil, fastened behind the coiffure.

CONTRIBUTORS.

MRS. L. MARIA CHILD.
MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.
MRS. R. S. HARVEY.
MRS. HORTON.
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MISS CATHERINE M. SEDGWICK.
ELIZABETH T. HERBERT.
SUSAN PINDAR.

A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.
R. S. STODDARD.
WILLIAM WALLACE.
PARK BENJAMIN.
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SARAH.
MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

** We have now no female Travelling Agents, and never have had any for the Union Magazine.

